PAUL FLANDERS 6-42
DRAWER 2

It's Spring and the Shopkeepers have Special Things To Show

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 16 •No. 13 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 27, 1942 FIVE CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

WE'D LIKE TO, BUT

We won't turn in at the Luis Wolters' fruit and vegetable place and make any purchases because that big, red, hideous Coca-Cola sign he has stuck by the side of the road irritates us so much. It's the only discordant note the entire lenghth of as beautiful a valley road as could be found anywhere.

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WERE SO BUSY WE'VE HAD TO GET TWO TELEPHONES

We have so much business in our little office on Dolores street that we've had to install two telephones—that is, two incoming and two out-going lines. The number is changed, too. It is 1100, as it was when we boldly started out on our own a year ago last November. We have taken that number back for two reasons—it's easier for you to remember and with it we are able to get the two incoming lines. Now, if you call 1100 and it's busy, you'll never know it—the operator will give you 1101, and there we'll be.

Remember, when you want Carmel's leading newspaper, call 1100. It adds up to 2, but for goodness sake, don't say 2 or you'll get the Pine Cone, and what a shock that would be to you!

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PRETTY TOUGH THIS WEEK FOR THE CAPITALISTICS

The capitalistic-blooded birds who find so much delight in excoriating union labor for its so-called avarice are sitting on the benches this week and watching somebody else do the batting.

They are struck rather dumb, or dumber than usual, by the facts that have been brought to light about the bonuses and pay the Capitalist owners of the Cleveland airplane parts company have been dishing out to themselves and their beautiful secretaries. It's quite a headache for the anti-union labor boys. But you watch. It won't feaze them long. It won't be many days before you'll hear them again telling how union labor is bleeding the poor employer. And you'll see one of those drawings of a round dollar divided to show how little capital gets out of the gross earnings. Apparently they don't put

(Continued on Page 2)

POLITICAL CAMPS ARE ASTIR

What Has Fred Godwin Done; What Mistakes Has He Made, That His Volunteer Service to Carmel Should Be Repudiated?

One of the most surprising developments ever to have occurred in a Carmel municipal campaign became apparent this past week with the public announcement of a ticket of "approved" candidates which does not include the name of Councilman Fred Godwin.

For the past two years Godwin and P. A. McCreery, also a candidate for re-election, have sat on the city council and aided in one of the best administrations of public affairs this city has ever had. Godwin was as much a part of the thought and mechanics of that administration as any other single member of the council. With McCreery, Kluth Evans and Bernard Rowntree, he offered himself for unpaid public labor two years ago, and with these three men he has worked conscientiously and steadily for the public good. He has devoted his time to the study of and he has helped to frame legislation that has resulted in and will continue to maintain permanent safeguards of community welfare.

This council has accomplished much that means preservation and conservation of Carmel's natural beauty and unique atmosphere. It has been a belligerant champion of the protection of trees and furtherance of their planting. It has accomplished a more extended and permanent street improvement program. It has stabilized our zoning laws; vigorously prosecuted tendencies toward tenement construction. It has cleared up the mess that was the police department and given us a well-operated and efficient force.

And Fred Godwin has been an important human element in all this. He has been as active in the consummation of these measures as have been the others. He has worked with the others conscientiously and tirelessly.

If this administration is to receive from the public the approval it should receive, to Fred Godwin, equally with the others, must go that approval. He has been a good servant of the people. He offers his services for another four years. There is no reason in the wide world why that volunteer usefulness should not be accepted with community gratitude.

—W. K. B.

Carmel's Kite Festival Tomorrow; Stiff Bunch of Judges Named

Before Carmel's younger generation walks off with a whole slew of ribbons at tomorrow's, Saturday's Kite Festival, they will first have to pass by a formidable line of juges who know fine, pretty, odd and high-flying kites when they see them.

As announcers will be two very spontaneous elocutionists, O. W. Barderson and Robert C. Doerr, while the judges will run as follows: Best Kites—Mrs. Syvia Meeter Jordan, Rev. C. J. Hulsewe, E. F. Smith; Prettiest Kites; Miss Lucile Burtis, Miss Winifred Stilwell, Mrs. Mrs. Margaret Gambee; Oddest Kites—Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, Lloyd Miller; Highest Flying—Laurence M. Pollard, Donad M. Craig; 200 foot flight—Frank Bell, Clayton A. Schuttish.

Those entering kites will first gather at Sunset School, where at 1:15 p. m. they will form a parade, go down Ninth street to Camino Real north to Ocean and up Ocean to the high school. The kites will be flown from the high school field.

Prizes this year will be ribbons; blue for first, white for second, and red for third.

Going to San Francisco this week-end are Mrs J. A. Canoles and her daughter, Carol. The object of the trip is to find some material suitable for the costumes to be used in the coming recital to be held by the June Delight dancing classes. The Canoles will drive up with Mrs. Frank DeAmaral.

Art Gallery Has Open House Tonight

Carmel Art Gallery is having open house Friday evening, March 27, and those interested in both painting and music are cordially invited. Mrs. Nielsen of Lial's Music Store will present a program of chamber music at 9. It's a rare combination to have in one evening and well worth while . . . and it's a grand thing the Gallery is doing, because it provides the kind of entertainment that so many soldiers have been trying to find, as well as bringing together people who share a mutual love of the arts.

Abalone Giants Stage Upset

In the first Abalone League upset of the season the Rowntree Giants defeated the league-leading Pilots on the Carmel High School field.

Masterful pitching by Ernie Morehouse plus the stellar fielding and hitting of his mates proved too much for the Pilots to overcome.

By chalking up the 21 to 12 victory the Giants moved from last place into a tie for second and brought the Pilots down to a respectable percentage.

In the opening game of the afternoon the Tigers gave the Shamrocks a typical Abalone shellacking, 26 to 10. The Tigers pounded out 40 hits, and the only reason the score wasn't larger was because the tetanus set in on the Old Timers.

Ky Miyamoto, on leave from his army post, substituted for Otto Bardarson in the Tiger line-up. Ky introduced himself to the Abalone leaguers by hitting the first ball pitched over the fence.

Next Sunday, March 29, the Pilots play the Tigers at 1:45, and the Shamrocks and Giants tangle at 3 o'clock. There is no admission charged to the Abalone League games and the fun is terrific.

Andy Shepard has been having a swell time this week entertaining six house guests — friends of his from Menlo. On Saturday, he held open house with all the dancing, talking, etc., that puts the fun into such shining digs.

Line-Up For Newberry, McCreery, Godwin

Things have begun to rumble in the political arena in Carmel. Although the city election is still three weeks away, or a something more than two, the camps of the candidates are preparing refreshments for the gathering of the workers.

There has been as yet no concerted effort manifest on behalf of any one candidate or group of candidates, but there is a definite movement toward the organization of a general committee for the purpose of furthering the re-election of the two incumbent members of the council, Fred Godwin and P. A. McCreery. Of the three "outside" candidates this group tends toward the support of Mrs. Perry Newberry.

The fact that women, who pay much toward the maintenance of the city government, should have a representative on the legislative body, and, too, that Mrs. Newberry would be the only member who is not engaged in business, tends toward a crystallizing of support for her.

By next week we expect to announce the formation of a group which will work for the election of Godwin, McCreery and Ida Newberry.

All Saints Auxiliary Buffet Luncheon Tomorrow

Good food and plenty of it will be the highspot of the buffet luncheon, food and apron sale to be given in the parish house by the Women's Auxiliary of All Saints' Church, tomorrow, Saturday, from 12 p. m. till 2 p. m.

Mrs. Carel Hulsewe will be in charge of the luncheon, and assisting her will be Miss Alice Cresson, Mrs. H. L. Robb, and Miss Helene Lehmann. Mr. G. M. Burton, Mrs. Karl Rohr, and Mrs. E. F. Kollmer, will take care of the coffee pouring. Mrs. Hubert Hoeser will do the general serving, while Miss Peggy Riker, Miss Margaret Kollmer, and Miss P. Gorman will have charge of the sewing.

a bonuses triangle in those pictures of divided dollars. Oh, phooey!

• • •

IT SHOULD BE THE PUBLIC, NOT McCREERY, WHO WEEPS

Councilman P. A. McCreery did a well-appointed Jeremiad at the city council meeting Wednesday of last week. There were tears and the commissioner of streets shed 'em, but it shouldn't have been his funeral, at all.

The people who ought to buy guns and and use them on themselves are those who in July of last year thought they were smart when they voted against the street improvement tax proposal. They are the people who are screaming today about holes in streets in front of their homes and in the downtown section where their cars bounce in and out of them.

It's entirely their fault, and none of McCreery's of the Carmel street department that these holes cannot be repaired and that, without proper ministrations by the city, they will get larger and deeper as time goes on. Carmel has no materials with which to repair its streets and it will be a long time before it can get such materials.

But it would have had such materials today, and for an appreciable period in the future, if the people had not in that rare wisdom so often displayed by voters, defeated the street improvement tax proposal.

At that time—July of last year—the city council could see what was coming. It had been warned by the oil companies. But if it had had the $4,000 that would have been available then if the tax proposal had been accepted by the people, it could have put in orders for enough oil to make the oil mix necessary for street work to have lasted through this year and far into the next.

It told the public so, through the newspapers and by word of mouth. But the public would neither read nor listen, or if it did, it smirked and made those clever remarks so typical of the professional "taxpayer": "We'll not give them any more money to waste", and "it's just another scheme to throw money right and left". Then at the polls it buried the proposal under an avalanche of "no"votes and lustily cheered itself for a demonstration of the "power of the people".

Now, we'll be interested in seeing the power of the people fill a few chuck holes in Carmel streets. Because the letter received by the council last week meant exactly what it said: "We're sorry, but we can't fill any more orders for heavy oil."

What is particularly interesting in the display of smart imbecility on the part of the voters last July is the "data of cost" given to the public when the street improvement tax proposal was put before it by the council.

The proposal was for the voting of $20,000 to be made available in taxes at the rate of $4,000 a year for five years. As is happened only the first year's $4,000 would have been made available to the street department before the war burst upon us, but that, as we have noted, would have saved the situation now and for some little time to come. Anyway, here's what the entire $20,000 would have cost over a period of five years: (We're copying these figures from the statement issued by the council and made to the public last July.)

If your property has a value of $3,000, you would have paid $1.20 a year, or ten cents a month; $4,000 property valuation, $1.60 a year, or 13 cents a month; $5,000 valuation, $2 a year, or 17 cents a month; $7,500 valuation, $3 a year, or 25 cents a month; $10,000 valuation, $4 a year, or 33 cents a month. The average annual tax would have been a little over nine ents.

The next time you contemplate yelling at the city council about a street hole in your neighborhood, give a thought to these figures. and figure how much it would have cost you to get it fixed if that tax proposal had been voted. Then don't do any yelling. It won't do you any good anyhow.

Services for Holy We ek in Carmel's Churches

Carmel Mission

The Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor of Carmel Mission, extends a cordial invitaton to all, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, to take part in the devotions of Holy Week at the Mission that all may join in the special prayers for victory and a just peace to be said at daily Mass and evening devotions.

During Holy Week, a Mission conducted by the Rev. Louis O'Hara, C. S. P., will be given at Carmel Mission beginning Palm Sunday, March 29th. Father O'Hara is one of the outstanding missioners of the famed American Paulist Order. He will conduct a daily Retreat for the young people.

The Program of Holy Week is as follows:

Palm Sundy—The Blessing of the Palms before 8 o'clock Mass. Masses: 8 and 10 o'clock. Distribution of the palms after each Mass. 7:30, evening devotions, conducted by Father O'Hara, consisting of the Rosary, sermon and Benediction. Confessions will be heard after devotions each evening.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—Mass at 8 o'clock. 7:30, evening devotions, conducted by Father O'Hara.

Holy Thursday—Mass at 8 o'clock. Procession of the Blessed Sacrament from main Altar to the Altar of Repose. Adoration to continue all day.

Good Friday — Mass of the Pre-Sanctified at 8 o'clock. Unveiling and Veneration of the Cross. Three Hours Service 12 to 3 o'clock, closing with the traditional ceremony of taking the corpus down from the Cross and carrying it in procession to the side chapel. 7:30, evening devotions, and Stations of the Cross conducted by Father O' Hara.

Saturday—Blessing of the Paschal Fire. Blessing of the Baptismal Water. Lighting of the Paschal Candle before Mass. Mass at 8 o'clock. 7:30, evening devotions conducted by Father O'Hara.

Easter Sunday—Masses at 7 and 9 o'clock. Solemn High Mass at 11 o'clock. Sermon by Father O'Hara.

A special High Mass will be sung by the Mission Choir under the direction of Noel Sullivan.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost so little for the big things they do.

Church of the Wayfarer

At the Church of the Wayfarer this Sunday morning, Palm Sunday will be observed with an appropriate message, hymns and organ music Dr. James E. Crowther, the pastor, will preach on the theme, "The King Rides Again". The hymns will be "All Glory, Laud and Honor," Theodulph-Teschner; "When His Salvation Bringing", King-Mason; "The Voice of God Is Calling", Holmes-Welch. The Meditation Poem will be "He-They-We", by John Oxenham. The organ music, played by Margaret Sherman Lea, will be "The Palms", Faure; "Calvary", Rodney; "Chotal from Ninth Symphony", Beethoven. Visitors are cordially invited to share the hour of worship in this lovely sanctuary.

On Thursday, Good Friday eve, at 7:30 o'clock the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered to all who desire thus to prepare their hearts and minds for the great tasks which lie ahead for our country. On Good Friday the Church of the Wayfarer will join in the Three Hour Service at All Saints' Episcopal Church from 12 to 3 o'clock.

All Saints

Next Sunday—Palm Sunday. 8 a. m., Service of the Holy Communion. 9:30 a. m., Junior Church and School. 11 a. m., the Service of Morning Prayer with Sermon Message by the rector, Rev. C. J. Hulsewe. Offertory solo, "The Palms", by J. Faure. Soloist, Reu E. Manhire.

Wednesday of Hily Weew—April 1. 10:30 a. m. Service of the Holy Communion. 11 a. m., Discussion Group, theme "The World We Seek".

Maundy Thursday, April 2. 10:30 a. m., Service of the Holy Communion.

Good Friday, April 3. 12 noon, to 3 p. m., The Three-Hour Service.

Junior Red Cross Head Has Busy Week-End Here

M. C. Schaefer, director of Junior Red Cross, honored visitor at several important conferences held by the Junior Red Cross over the week-end, and speaker at local schools, ended his Peninsula visit Saturday with a luncheon and round table discussion at La Playa Hotel.

Over the week-end meetings were held at the Douglas School, under the direction of Miss Louise Kuffner, Carmel High School, presided over by Rose Mary Powell, and Sunset School, with Mrs. Clarisse Dowyego as chairman.

Schaefer made a special point of asking that a delegate be sent to the Northern Junior Red Cross convenion in Sacramento, Saturday, May 9, to speak on the Junior Red Cross Disaster Relief Corps, as organized in Carmel, this being the only unit of its kind.

Among those at the Saturday luncheon were: Mrs. Grace Parson Douglas, Douglas School; June Gilbert, Palo Colorado School; Jane Pollard, Bay View School; Manual Joseph, Bay View School; Arabelle Lyon, Watsonville; Miss Ellen Squere, Carmelo School; Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, chairman of Carmel Junior Red Cross; Ruth Allen, Pacific Grove; Lilly C. Trowbridge, Junior Red Cross chairman of Monterey and Pacific Grove; and Evelyn Olden, Walter Colton School.

Lief Erickson, one of those fine stage actors who have stooped to be film stars is at La Playa for a vacation. He is six feet four, weighs easily two ten, doesn't drink.

• • •

One of the many who were at the Wednesday luncheon at Fort Ord, was Mrs. Joseph Stilwell.

EASTER GREETINGS FROM

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Marvelous New Suds **Dreft** Giant pkg. 65c Large pkg. 23c

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VIGORO the complete plant food 45¢ - 70¢ - $1.40 $2.30 - $3.50

MEAT DEPARTMENT

Shoulder Pork Chops ..... lb. 39c

Breast of Lamb ..... 2 lbs. 25c

FISH FOR THE LENTEN SEASON

Salmon - Halibut - Finnan Haddie
Oysters - Shrimps

Telfer Reads Next At Highlands Inn

The next Ronald Telfer reading to be presented by the American Legion Auxiliary will be in the lounge of Highlands Inn this Sunday, Mar. 29, at 2:30 o'clock.

Instead of announcing ahead of time what he will read, Mr. Telfer will keep his choice of material a secret until the actual program.

As hostesses will be Mrs. D. W. Hand, Mrs. Rush Wallace, Mrs W. Ray Moore, Mrs. Weaver Kitchen, Mrs. Herbert Landis and Mrs. Charles M. Childers.

Tickets may be obtained at Staniford's, Lial's or from any Auxiliary member.

PEGGY CONVERSE BUYS A FEW ACRES DOWN SOUTH

Peggy Converse, actress, and claimed by Carmel, has bought some acreage near Pasadena where she will spend a few years with her mother, Mrs. Bonnie Randall, and her daughter, Melissa. The main reason for this home in the country is to give Melissa a place to grow roots while she is growing up.

There will be no more Broadway plays of summer stock for Peggy for a while, but she has a Hollywood agent and plans to do some work in the pictures. She still has her home in Carmel where we hope she will spend some time.

ARTISTS HAS BEEN GIVEN PRIZE PAINTING

Bruce Douglas, sculptor, a member of the American Artists Professional League, a national organization of Americans who are working impersonally for contemporary American art and artists with common sense and fair play, asked us to print the following information: The fourth prize-winning painting of the 1941 Art Week competition, "Charlotte", painted by Constance Curtis, has been given to the California chapter of the League.

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III. The Trapp Family Choir sings An Eriskay Love Lilt and Wiegenlied (Brahms) 75c

Ask about the new RCA Victor — Long Life Needle

LIAL'S MUSIC SHOP

Carmel, Pine Inn, Tel. 314
Monterey, 490 Alvarado, Tel. 5333

Florence Lockwood's Fine Painting of MacArthur To Belong to Fort Ord

The portrait of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, painted by Florence Lockwood of Carmel, and which was purchased by Miss Rowena Beans on behalf of the Red Cross chapter of Gray Ladies, will be unveiled by Miss Margaret Walsh, field director of the Red Cross Station Hospital at Fort Ord, at a public meeting in Sunset Auditorium at 5 p. m. Sunday, Mar. 29. Col. H. L. Krafft, commanding staff officer at the Red Cross Station Hospital, and Col. Roger Q. Fitch will be present to accept the portrait for the Station Hospital at Fort Ord

On this occasion Col. Krafft will present certificates to the Gray Ladies, while Dr. G. H. Taubles, chairman of the Carmel chapter of the Red Cross, will present certificates and pins to the class of graduates of cates and pins to graduates of the Nurses Aid, under Miss Kay Smit, the Staff Assistants Corps, Motor Corps and Advanced First-Aid. At the meeting will be members of the executive and governing boards of the Carmel Red Cross. Mrs. W. H. Hargrave will be chairman of the day. All graduates are asked to wear full uniform.

The public is invited.

Mrs. Rose DeYoe Dies in Carmel

Funeral services for Mrs. Rose DeYoe, well-known and much-loved Carmel citizen, were held Wednesday afternoon in All Saints Church. She died in her Carmel home Monday evening, at the age of 88.

Somewhat of a pioneer, Mrs. DeYoe arrived in Carmel in 1909, and for 33 years led an active life in community affairs. She enjoyed the artistic influence Carmel has over all its townspeople, and up to the time of her death attended local concerts, exhibits, and lectures. She was also very prominent in various clubs and meetings.

Her son, Ray DeYoe, established one of the first of the real estate offices in Carmel, and thus was among the pioneers in Carmel's most extensive business. In 1925 he was elected to the state assembly. He died suddenly in 1933, leaving his widow, Mrs. Ray DeYoe, who still makes her home in Carmel.

Surviving Mrs. DeYoe is a grandson, Robert DeYoe, in the army, and a sister, Mrs. Kate C. Wood of Honolulu. Burial will take place at Oak Hill cemetery, in the family plot.

Now, Call THE CYMBAL by telephoning One-One Hundred.

HIS DOG AND HIS CAT WALK TO STEVE'S WITH IVAN EVERY MORNING

Here's one for the book.

You've heard of a dog following a man. You may have heard of a cat following a man. But have you ever heard of a dog AND a cat following a man? No you never. You know, you never.

Well, every morning, between 6 o'clock and 6:30, or nearly every morning, you'll find a runt German shepherd dog and a beautiful big tiger and white cat restless and ffiggetting on the tle porch at the Lincoln street door of Steve Patterson's Chop House. And if they're there, inside will be Ivan Kelsey, that great big brute of a painter.

Funny, but it's true. When Ivan starts out from his home, a block down Lincoln street, to walk to Steve's in the early morning, Thursday, the dog, and Little Guy, the cat, trail along. And they wait on the porch, eagerly, for him to come out. Ecstatically they greet him and back home they walk with him. And it isn't for food. He doesn't give them anything from Steve's. It's just the walk; just the morning thrill for Thursday and Little Guy.

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MEN, THIS CONCERNS YOU!

War Production Board Issues Stiff Regulations Controlling Cutting of Men's Clothing Effective March 30.

Suits made after March 30th will have no cuffs on trousers! There will be no two-pants suits! Double-breasted suits will have no vests. Coats will have to be shorter than those generally worn now.

Overcoats will be shorter and less full. It is expected that these regulations will save 40 million to 50 million pounds of wool for the armed forces.

We approve of this order. All of us favor any move to conserve materials for the war effort.

We do NOT suggest that you hoard clothing. But if you NEED a suit it's only good common sense to get it now and get better quality at a lower price. You'll be glad to learn that we now have in stock

400 SUITS

Suits with no material subtracted. Suits made of 100% wool, in a wonderfully COMPLETE selection of fabrics, styles and colors, made by America's best tailors.

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Founded May 11, 1928
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Published Each Friday, by the Carmel Cymbal, Inc., Dolores Street, No. of Ocean, Carmel, California

P. O. Box 1650, Tel. 213

Subscription Rate, $2.00 a year by Mail. Foreign $3.00

W. K. Bassett, Editor

Entered as 2nd-Class Matter at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879

Community Chest Board To Give Luncheon

Members of the board of directors of the Community Chest of Monterey are having a special luncheon Saturday, Mar. 28, at Pacific House, Memory Garden, Monterey.

Kit Whitman who is chairman of the executive board, will be program chairman, and has announced that Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Chairman of The San Francisco Campaign Committee, will be the guest speaker of the day.

Mrs. John Gratiot, president of the Monterey Girl Scouts, has charge of all the arrangements, and Mrs. Gordon Beall, Mrs. Thomas Coughran and Miss Anita Doud are in charge of the food committee.

Mr. Robert Stanton, president of the Community Chest, is presiding not only at the meeting, but will also personally cook the steaks on the famous outdoor grill at Pacific House. The Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts will wait on table and help with the fire.

The object of the luncheon is to have the public attend one or two special event luncheons throughout the year given by the board of directors of the Community Chest, who have during the annual campaign so generously given of their money and help to those in the Community less fortunate than they.

Tickets for the luncheon are $1.10, tax included. Reservations may be made by calling Mrs. Marian Todd, secretary of the Community Chest, Monterey, or may be sent to Mrs. Todd.

Post Office Gets New Parcels Post Racks

From now on, whenever you receive one of those exciting little cards with—no, not "Box Rent Due" (although Elaine Carter leans out the window caustically to remind everyone it is due)—but with "Package" shining on it, you won't have to wait any time at all before one of the clerks shoves you your very own parcel and tells you to get out of the way.

No more waiting while a frantic search is carried on by the post office staff trying their honest best to unearth a lost bundle that will get rid of that face staring in at the window. At last, after two years, the post office has received its new parcel post racks. They arrived Tuesday morning and everyone is very, very happy.

PRIVATE VIEWS ON CYPRESS

(Back Private)

(Well, we asked for it, and here it is. And this is the end—no more poems on Carmel beach or cypress trees will we even cast our eyes upon.—Ed.)

Never, since I was a kid in my dypress
Have I ever see sech a tree as a cypress.
The things has got rickets—and aint very tall—
But under green feathers, green service men loll
Talking flirts to a skirt, say, or skirts to a pal,
So I guess that a cypress is good for morale.
With this modern mobility everyone feel's
That the best kind of trees gives off rubber for wheels,
But the right that men fight for's to stick and fling woo
And for stuff in the background, a cypress will do.

MALCOLM D. WHITMAN, Jr.

Carmel Theatre Offers Fields Comedy Now; "Nothing But the Truth" Sunday

Two highly-contrasting films occupy the screen of the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" is a typical W. C. Fields comedy, the screenplay having been written by Fields himself. As star of the picture he is surrounded by an unusually well-chosen cast.

The companion feature, "Wolf Man" wil provide good shudders for thise whose nerves are not jumpy and whose consciences are reasonably clear. It boasts one of the best casts ever assembzled for a chiller-diler, including Claude Rains, Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi, Warren William Ralph Bellamy, Evelyn Ankers and Maria Ouspenskaya. Tomorrow's matinee should attract youngsters from miles around.

Sunday's continuous show introduces a three-day run of "Nothing But the Truth", a first-rate comedy with Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard and Edward Arnold. Other attractive names in the cast are those of Helen Vinson, Glenn Anders and Leif Erickson. The story of the film concerns a bet of $10,000 made by friends of Bob Hope that he cannot tell the unvarnished truth for 24 consecutive hours. This seemingly simple task brings in complications of the most hilarious sort.

Next Wednesday and Thursday, April 1 and 2, Carmel Theatre will offer a strong double bill, "The Lady Is Waiting", with Marlene Dietrich and Fred MacMurray, and "The Body Disappears", a high-powered comedy mystery. In the former film Miss Dietrich demonstrates her fine talent as a comedian as well as a strong actress, with Fred MacMurray acquitting himself with more than usual distinction.

David Hagemeyer and Jeanne Randol Wed

David Hagemeyer, son of Mrs. Hurd Comstock, and Jeanne Randol, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Francis Randol, were married last Saturday, Mar. 21, in a simple ceremony at St. Paul's Cathedral, Los Angeles.

As best man was one of David's old school mates Cole Weston, son of Edward Weston, the noted photographer. Maid of honor was Ayleen Brunderlin. Only the members of the immediate families were present.

After a reception at the home of Dr. and Mrs. John A. Comstock, the couple left for Del Mar for a short honeymoon—very short, as David managed the marriage, reception and honeymoon on a three-day furlough from the Army.

Buy Bonds

Our Reporter Returns to First Theater After Several Months and Finds Same Hilarious Goings-On

"Deserted at the Altar," which we saw Sunday night, is typical of the gay, boisterous, tear-jerking melodramas vibrating from the boards of the First Theater in Monterey for the past five years. It plays again next week-end on Saturday and Sunday at 8:30 p. m.

We hadn't been to the First Theater for several months and had forgotten how much fun it is to sit down front, eat peanuts, sing and laugh and hiss the villain, admire the fluff, criticize the make-up, be a little embarrassed for the green ones who haven't got into the trouper tempo, be thrilled at superbly acted scenes, like the one between Dan Welty and Dick Bocne, admire Louise Welty's vigor and versatility, weep when Wilma Bott sings, delight at gaudily-costumed dance numbers, worry because of that make-up Margaret Mather put on the face of an important dancer in this show, discover charming personalities like Jim Heisinger, Esther Gay and Alma Santa—in fact, enter into all of the fun and stimulation with the small theatre audience, which is the greatest evening of diversion and entertainment to be found this side of the Theatre Mart.

It is good to see Dick Boone getting wonderful training as M. C. and doing a charming job. His quick change of costumes offer an element of surprise which speeds up the production. Jadwiga Noskowiak Babcock's song belongs really to a more gracious age as she herself seems to in her part as Nellie Dorsey who was deserted at the altar. Douglas Hume was bombastic as the inciter of public interest. Dick Santa played three parts! Clare Chamberlain, two. Jean Humphrey danced and played a hag.

The olio is full of new acts but retains the best of the old including "The Bushes at the Bottom of the Garden."—P. M.

SEA SCOUT BRIDGE OF HONOR AND BALL

The Sea Scouts of the Monterey Bay Area Council will have their annual Sea Scout Bridge of Honor and ball on Saturday, Auril 11 at the Elks' Club in Salinas.

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CLANGING CYMBALS

Once again I take resort in my fish b o w l, m y right hand still idling in my lap, sans cast or bandage this morning and definitely not a thing of beauty, but the only right hand I'll ever have. I can't find it in my nature to be impatient for its full recovery since that involves the passage of time, and having honored my forty-fifth birthday but yesterday I do not wish in any littlest way to hasten that errant fugitive beyond his natural stride. The fishbowl itself, a battered box in which the old parchment integument of time itself, letters and some of the dead pieces of skin on which burns and scalds of living have indited memorable marks are kept, reminds me only too clearly of that fleet beast; of how he, like the coyote who ran down the road before our headlights last night on the way home from the Rosses', runs forward with deceptive loping while he keeps his angry little eyes turned straight back at you.

• • •

Out of the fishbowl came the letter Sam Jones wrote to Dorothea last year.

In the first place, his name is not Sam Jones, so we shall call him so. His history, so far as it concerns us, has already been printed in one of the Constant Eater's columns, but that was some time ago and I'll recapitulate a little.

Sam is, or was, a reporter on a newspaper in one of the cities sequent to Boston, Mass. His boss had assigned him to cover the current effort of a little theatre in the neighborhood. He had.

And while he was milling about in his mind for suitable words for his review, he dropped in to call at a house where the Carmel Cymbal, under Bassett, is always a welcome addition to the incidental literature strewn about on the living room tables—or maybe hung up beside the toilet seat, as Alec Waugh was wont to place his manuscripts; I don't know. At any rate, Sam's eye dropped first onto a picture of Edith Frisbie, who was taking the lead in the very piece about which Sam's head had refused to furnish him words to describe. And thence to a few remarks I had made about the Carmel performance.

Now I think Sam must be quite a young man, and I certainly know exactly what happened to him then. Writing is no easy business. It is especially an uneasy business for serious young folks like Sam. I suppose there may be some writers who just sit down and dash things off. But for most of us the criterion we use for ourselves is pretty stiff; it is to record honestly what we see or feel or know.

And all too often, the words with which to do that simply do not arrive along with the ideas we have to describe. It's a good deal as if a man were given all the parts of a machine he wanted to build out of those parts and as if he were burning to make that machine. And then he discovered that he had mislaid all his tools. No amount of sweating with his bare hands, of crying aloud in the wilderness, of using makeshifts, can do any good.

It is then that the honestest of men will go into a neighbor's toolshed and appropriate his kit.

So Sam.

Of course, I am so flattered about this that I hesitate to use the accustomed word for such action, because I personally do not feel it was a reprehensible act but like to imagine it as a direct compliment. But you see, Sam, there are other people who, though secretly feeling just as I do about it, might turn right around and get nasty. They even have a right to go running to some sort of judge waving sheaves of original manuscript and shouting the horrid word aloud. (This is a device to attract more attention to themselves)

The word comes from a Latin word, plagium, meaning kidnaping. And the point I want to make here, and the only point, is that I, too, have kidnapped other people's words. Everyone does it. Not only their words, but whole phrases and especially plots and ideas. Just look at Shakespeare, as everyone will say. Only lately I wrote something about the Santa Lucias with their upsidedown hems flouncing against the sky. I know quite well that the whole idea came from a bit of verse someone, some forgotten and abused character out of my past, had written about the hills that front our New Hampshire place. He said it much better; "Hemming their uneven hems against the sky."

To be fair to myself, I don't do this very often. But when I do do it, Sam, there is one vast difference between the way I do it and the way you did it; I am simply smart enough not to copy verbatim. I just keep out of striking distance of that reptile, plagiarism.

Here is some idea of what I mean:

• • •

It was just coming sundown when I climbed through the gate and walked down the trail toward the sea. The day had been difficult; the virus of war filtering into all the business of living, of sentience and of action and thought.

There is a little jog in the trail beyond the gate a dozen yards and after this a pleasant meadow leads beside the waters of the Big Sur river. Quite suddenly, all the rest is washed away; the fear, the greed and all the want that besets a man, and the green pasture where the white-faced cattle feed lies under a high fair sky and even the waters that have come torrenting down the gorge a mile away are here still.

When I had walked the sweet short mile along the flat, my feet invited every step by poppy and lupin and tidy tip, my soul invited by the paths of luminousness down which the sun had trod, I lay down on a little knoll, facing back toward the hills. And then I saw that while I had been walking away from him, the lord god of the Big Sur, old lime crested Pico Blanco, had reared his head above the valley, above the arabesque of sun and shadow on the green hills, and was gazing straight down at me with merciful, jehovic eyes.

And in the alchemy of that presence all the evil that had threaded the day was transmuted into goodness. It seemed that I was in a great house, a house without walls or boundaries except of righteousness, and the name of the master of the house writ without words on these walls. Outside the windows I could still see the old Hereford bull nuzzling a hillock and across the river the Sarmento boy was shepherding the sheep back to the ranch, his tall driftwood staff gesticulating at a black lamb.

But I had gone away from there into this wondrous mansion of the soul and it was as if all the ancient hungers had come together in this place, prepared to feast, and found the feast spread. I looked up at the mountain, and so great a comfort attended his smile that it seemed he extended a golden ampulla over my head and said, Come, eat. Take up the cup and drink. Here a man restores himself. Here death has no meaning and only forever is real.

The afternoon stepped softly away, spilling her flask of red-gold oil until it ran all over the hills and sank in purple sediment in all the crevices. Somewhere out beyond here were the Germans and the Japanese, my enemies. Somewhere, present with me in a world I had lost for a moment, men kissed the rod and dove to their death; were anointed with a little heroism, and forgot.

But only blessedness was with me then, and in it I dwelt surely, feeling meseems, as if the rest of my days might thus be afterspent.

• • •

Ha, I am hailed into court. The door of the courtroom opens and in rushes the angry plaintiff, his long white beard waving in the wind, and he brandishing a roll of papyrus in his hand.

Your Honor, he cries, look at this. Here it is, my opus 23. The same plot, even the same words . . and miserably done . . a mere travesty. Listen to mine . The Lord is my shepherd . . .

But there isn't anything he can do about it, legally. And besides, if we are to believe all we hear, it wasn't exactly original with him either.

—LYNDA SARGENT

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

"A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good." These words from Luke comprise the Golden Text to be used Sunday, March 29, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts. The subject of the Lesson-Sermon will be "Reality".

EASTER GREETINGS

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12:45	12:25 PM
1:30	1:15
2:20	2:05
3:25	3:00
4:30	4:05
5:15	4:50
5:45	5:30
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The FIRST GALLEY

HUT SUT SONG

Down on Carmelo there is a sign bearing the names of four Army officers. I was out walking when I happened to see it. The rest of the way I found myself mumuring:

Anderson, Petersen, Schnabel
and Hiney
Live in a house that's surprisingly tiny.

Added to the practical impossibility of forgetting four names that fit together with such rhythm, there's the difficulty of not droning them through your nose like the Hut Sut song, which the first two names suggest! And somehow it's kinda hard not to say "und" instead of "and" between the last two names.

• • •

LIBRARY BLACKOUT

At the time of writing this the public library is still closed evenings. I hope it will be open again by the time you are reading this.

Soldiers, after all, are people. Even if they all wear uniforms and are all working for Uncle Sam and us, they haven't changed their individual characters or tastes. Some like one kind of relaxation in their leisure hours, some another. Some are happiest making a lot of cheerful noise; others put in their off-time more quietly but just as happily.

The USO houses are grand things, no doubt, but it sometimes happens that a soldier would prefer of an evening to wander into the peaceful calm of the public library to spend a couple of hours with the friends he knows are waiting for him along those shelves.

One evening at the USO, when things were at their gayest and consequently noisiest, Skipper Ackroyd told me, a soldier came to her in despair. It seems he had been delegated by his company to study up on snakes so that, should they be sent to the tropics, they'd be prepared for at least one aspect of an unfamiliar life in a strange country.

He had the book all right—but how could he concentrate on herpetology where there was so much fun going on? He certainly wished the public library were open that evening.

Skipper Ackroyd, who is used to quick solving of off-duty military problems, promptly directed him to a friend's house and told him to explain to the friend that she had sent him. She knew there would be a quiet corner in the house for hm.

If I know anything about Carmel homes it was a lot harder for a stranger to find it, especially after dark, than it would have been for him to stroll down our (at least partially) illuminated Ocean Avenue to the library. And I'm inclined to think for that particular purpose the soldier would have preferred the feeling of independence and the comfortable familiarity of a public library atmosphere.

I hope the library is open evenings by the time you read this. It would give so many hours of hospitality and light to soldiers who may only too soon be facing an eternity of dark hours. Balance that against a few hours that some of us might possibly have to spend some evening in the library—and doesn't it seem pitifully small, anything we can do, compared to what these soldiers now wandering around our streets are prepared to do for us?

• • •

TORTILLA FLAT

I don't enjoy haircuts very much. I enjoy the result because I think Mark does a good job. Anyway he does it the way I want it.

But I don't like sitting up in a high chair facing a lot of mirrors. I don't mind so much when the shop is empty but when the row of chairs under the mirrors is filled with waiting customers I feel uncomfortable. I guess I'm still so oldfashioned that I can't help thinking of a barber shop as an essentially and rightly masculine resort. I'm inclined to think most of the men also hold this belief and that they wish the place didn't get so cluttered up with women whose hair-trimming delays their important business.

I like my barber because he doesn't talk unless I indicate a a desire for conversation. This is very restful and I could get a lot of thinking done if I just concentrated. As it is I listen with one ear to the conversation going on in the other chair if any, and gradually sink into a state of sleepy semi-consciousness until the haircut is mercifully over.

One morning I had some real entertainment but it didn't come from the other chair. It came from Bob Norton, our ex-chief of police, and Mr. Fortier, the druggist, who were sitting side by side waiting their turn.

They were discussing boys from Mexican and other families who get into trouble with the police. From that they got around to Tortilla Flat in Carmel. Bob remarked that he never used to mind going over to Tortilla Flat to stop a fight because there was always something funny in it and you brought away a laugh that you wouldn't get out of ordinary fights.

"One time some sort of trouble came up, and Wermuth and I went over. Afterwards there was a little girl, about nine years old, who looked up at us and said, 'You think you're policemen—you ought to see my gran'ma!'"

There was a certain character named Joe Turanga—or something similar to that—and Bob had an amusing story about him.

"One evening late at night Joe came to my house and said, 'You better go over to Tortilla Flat and stop a fight there.'

"'If there's a fight you're in it, Joe,' I knew that he wouldn't have come over for me unless he was scared.

"'No, no, I got nothin' to do with it,' he said. 'Come on, Joe,' I said 'tell me, who'd you hurt?' 'Aw I ain' hurt nobody.'

"Well, we went over, and there was Jules stretched out cold, with a big scalp wound. There was a chair with blood on it near him. We got a bucket of water and threw it over Jules and he began to groan and come to a little.

"I said, 'Well, Jules, shall we put Joe in jail for this?'

"'No, no, don't get the poor faller in trouble,' he said, 'I keel him tomorrer.'"

—CONSTANT EATER

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"Don't Be Afraid" by E. S. Cowles. How to get rid of fear and fatigue as explained by the head of the body and Mind Clinic in New York.

"Colombia, Gateway to South America" by Kathleen Romoli. A combination of keen observation on present conditions, personal anecdotes of travel and history and tradition in this little known "good neighbor".

"The War: Second Year" by E. W. McInnis. A readable summary of the progress of the war from September, 1940, to September, 1941.

"Cambridge Economic History of Europe."

Fiction: "The Last to Rest", Ernest Raymond; "The Gay Galliard" by Margaret Irwin; "The Moon Is Down" by John Steinbeck; "Breakfast with the Nikolides" by Rumer Godden; "Gardenias for Sue" by Louise F. Hauck; "Border Line" by Jackson Gregory.

A Shop for Women, and We Really Mean a Shop for Women

A shop for those who have searched long and diligently for a combination designer and dressmaker, for someone who can carry out original ideas, who can remodel a whole outfit or just take up a hem, will open today, Friday, in the Pine Inn garden circle.

It will be called a 'Shop For Women," and like every other worth while business these days, is doing its bit for National Defense. Those old suits that though, alas out of style, are made of pure wool, or genuine silk, both impossible to get for the duration, can be remodeled into stylish clothes in the latest fashions by Christina Hunt, dressmaker, tailor, designer, and owner of the new shop.

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Here Are the Names of Carmel Men In the Third Draft; They'll Go To War or Keep Fighting Here

Two hundred and eighty-five men from Carmel and the surrounding districts, are alternating between looking lovingly at their dependents and looking longingly toward the "carefree" life of a soldier. They have just been caught in the third national draft, and the burning question of the moment is, will they get into service, or will they continue the same old war at home.

The following is a list of their names, not guaranteed to be official, but close enough to make lots of people shudder with suspense:

Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, Henry Chin, Richard William Wilcox, Delfin Imperial Rondaro, Irvin B. Foster, Paul Hamilton Clampett, Alvin Jacob Beller, Cecil William Henderson, Emilio Alfred Odello, George Edward Myette, Frank Hene Phillips, Paul Emil Swanson.

Nicholas Alexander Radcliffe, Joe Rose, Alfred Jones, Alfred Edmund Spacks, John Hershel Neikirk, Otto Wathne Bardarson, Howard Emerson Timbers, Colin Stephen Alderman, Donald Allan Lyon, Robert Addison Norton, Merrill William Olson, Rafael Torres, Paul D. Augsburg, Ray Miller Leitz, Iva Lloyd Lemon, Edgar Clement Leslie, Adolf Charles Lafrenz, Arthur Louis Lehmann, Estanislao Ciubal Coronel, Carroll Cornwall.

Edwin L. Bidwell, Burton Fred Barringer, Ernest Samuel Bixler, Norman Ramsey Casserly, Aquilino Camaso, William Arthur Choisser, Paul Victor Clemmensen, Charles Douglas Chretien, Charles Leon Berkey, Roy Philip Warner, Philip Reinoehl, Maximo Orpilla Pulanco, Jean Guerin, James Henry Lloyd, John Rey Baca, Earl Williams.

Barney Frank Bracisco, Harold Clay Cornett, Frank Steiner, Robert McKenzie Sharpe, Antonio Ragora Ganotan, Jackson Reece Pelton, Lloyd Lee Scott, George Alexander Clark, Zoillo Banquial Aliwanag, Clayton Bewley Neill, John Russell Sprague, Wesley Waldo Burnam, Charles Carroll Leavitt, Ruel Franklin King, James Carpenter, John Porter Gilbert, Ralph H. Castagna, Gerald Dean Eller, Charles Francis De Amaral. Bernard StaMaria Garcia, Cecil John Selph, James Woodrow Cline.

Allen Knight, William Frederick Steding, John Lewis Hinds, Ernest Robinson Hill, Roy Phillip Warner, Phillip Wilson Jr., Clyde Haskell Warren, George Henry Araujo, Fred Junipero Machado, Warren George Knapp, Frederick Culver Parker, Benjamin Otis Berry, Oscar Newton Goodrich, Frederico M. Mello, William Burdette Frames, Paul Mark Joseph, Robert Alexander Erickson, Galileo Farmer, Benjamin Figueroa, Lee Russell Kendall, William Lincoln Kenyon, Ivan Darwin Kelsey, John James Power, Raymond Oscar Brown, Alexander Barr Mayes.

Alton Homer Walker, Rolf Ling Bolin, Burt Lewis Cicero, Warren Harold Cottle, William Henry Luckie, Donald Boynton Walker, Herbert Chester Barley, Benjami F. Sowell Jr., Paulo Caliston Bacabac, Gordon Bennet Poff, Ervin Clarence Poklen, Gilbert S. Severns, Beverly Ramson Stover, Harry Oren Butts, Alf Aagaard Nilssen, Benito Tiborcio Yeban, Harold Levi Nielsen, Ronald B. Stoney, George McDonald, Everett Edwin Heisinger, Parker Lee Hall, William Lawrence Cook.

Isaac Yarra Israel, James Cooper Doud, Frank Delgado, Jack Alfred Burnam, Hezekiah Ed Ussery, Henry Walter Mross, David Frank Machado, William Mattison Bolton, Murl Monrow Campbell, Daniel Joseph Machado, Walter Hanks Shaw, Basil Stuart Coghlan, Glenn Monroe Rogers, Lawrence C. Mignano, Charles Atwood Fuller, Robert G. Stanton Jr., Carl William Cherry, Gilbert William McFarland, Domingo Asigurado Epiff, Harry Lester Harnack, Herbert William Brownell, Roy Chris Fraties.

Herbert Elmer Dockery, Emery Gerald Nielson, James Walter A. Smith, William Wendell Flewelling, Archie Basil Fleming, Walter Herbert Ford, Fred Baumiller, Magnus Andrew Burgess, Gegorio Tepada Fabia, Clarence Holton Dwiggins, Max C. Damasco, Louis Salvador Narvaez, Kenneth Carleton, Carl Enoch Resmussen, Guiseppe Carl Pesco, Alexander Merivale, Juan LeVera Raminez, Benjamin D. Ramsdell, Carl Gamer Moll, John Waddell Phillips, Richard Paul Mohring, Hans Ivar Ewoldsen, Ora Joseph Vasquez, Wilhelm Steinmueller, Gustaf Arthur Lannestock, Carl Theodore Daniels, Wilfred Gerald Eyre, William Francis Krenkel, Otto Karl Koehler, James O'Banion Handley, Arthur Davis Schmidgall, Cornelius Bernardus Van Niel, Fabian Yllazar Era.

John William Eaton, Homer Hobart Levinson, Lewis Laban Reese, Bardo Neuendorff, Herman Hy Levy, Duke Curtis Andre, Samuel George Stokes, Peter Gillespie, Joe Teixeira Goulart, Alexander Baillie Gibson, Slvador M. Jaramillo, Geoffrey Charles Dear, Harry Clayton Hilbert, Hubert Francis Hefling, Clarence De Marcus, Alfred Louis Soyer, Alpha Earl Shriver.

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Raymond Gunther Smith, Marshall Paul Wermuth, Mateo Palos Afroilan, William M. McEntire, Roy Welsh, Barnet Joseph Segal, Mathias Schmuts, Paul Whitman, Joseph E. McEldowney, C. D. Osborne, Paul S. Mercurio, Charlie Toy, Eugene W. Trawin, James E. Muscutt, Walter E. Tuthill.

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You Should See Picture Exhibit By Hagemeyer

"The evil men do", Johan Hagemeyer digs out of the countenances of them and projects on the positives he makes from the negatives he finds in his camera after those men have sat before it.

Oh yes, and the good, too, but when you look around the walls of the present exhibit of his camera portraits in Hotel Del Monte you get the impression that it's useless to try to put anything over on Hagemeyer's lens.

The exhibit, on the mezzanine floor of the hotel, consists of 35 portraits of men, including such notables as Roland Hayes, Eugene Neuhaus, Buffano, Father Vincent, Gilbert Lewis, Einstein and Benjamin Lehman. As for Einstein, every time you look at a new group of Hagemeyer's pictures you find a new Einstein. He made a complete camera study of the great scientist.

As for camera portraiture, the two most impressive pictures in the Hagemeyer exhibit are those of Dr. Lehman and Steen Skonhoft. The former I do not know as a man, the latter I did. Skonhoft lived for a time in Carmel. He was a soloist of rare voice and charm and a tremendous personality. His untimely death, while young and teeming with vitality, was unusually sad. Hagemeyer's picture of him gives you the power of the man as he was.

The ehibit will continue another week. You should see it.

—W. K. B.

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Cotton Tub Frocks, Play Togs and slacks from 6.50

FLASH! JUST ARRIVED — HUGE SHIPMENT OF NEW KNOX STRAWS!

Sprouse-Reitz Will Open Its New and Attractive Carmel Store Tomorrow

Sprouse-Reitz Inc. opens its big and, we'll say, very attractive, store in Carmel tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

The Cymbal finds a certain amount of pleasure, outside of a mere covering of the news, in making this announcement.

Unlike the other so-called chain establishments which have come to Carmel, the Sprouse-Reitz people have made every effort to make their place of business one that will conform with the traditional ideas of the best people of this city in the matter of commercial structures.

As a matter of fact, the Sprouse - Reitz management turned the thing over completely to Hugh Comstock and Comstock has this to say about it: "It has been a pleasure to work in cooperation with them in such a spirit." Comstock, as the general contractor, has certainly carried out the spirit. The front of the re-modeled structure, owned by Fred Wermuth, on Ocean Avenue, between San Carlos and Mission, in no way resembles the atrocities committed by chain stores in other communities. There is no blaring red, the only resort to even a shade of this color being in the satisfying dark tile at the base of the front and in the most welcome red-brick sidewalk.

Burt L. Cicero, who has been with the Sprouse-Reitz Corporation for nine years, is the manager of the new Carmel store. This store is the fifth Sprouse-Reitz store on the Monterey Peninsula, and the largest. The Peninsula activities of the corporation began with one unit on Alvarado street in Monterey. There are now, besides the original Monterey store and this new one in Carmel, a store in New Monterey and two in Pacific Grove.

Robert Sprouse, president of the corporation, has his home on Camino Real in Carmel, and it is one of the most attractive residences in the city.

While Hugh Comstock decided on and specified all the details and colors in the re-modelling of the new store subcontractors did the work in their respective lines.

A new floor in shades of brown was laid in the entire building. This asphalt tile was placed by J. L. Frost of Monterey as sub-contractor. The walls were all re-plastered and painted a soft bone white in color. "On the warm side," as you'd say. This work was done by George Turner of Pacific Grove, sub-contractor.

The heading units and new lavatories and all plumbing connections were done by the A. D. H. Company of Carmel, with Cree Wilder, the manager, superintending.

The interior florescent lighting was installed by Carl Rohr of Carmel.

The glass for the windows and show cases was furnished and installed by Thomas French of Monterey.

One-One Hundred is now THE CYMBAL'S Telephone Number.

Here's a Story About That Kuster Family

This is a story about the Kuster family, or the best part of it, on a bright Sunday morning. It was last Sunday morning. On Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Sixth, there was a crowd, civilians and soldiers, watching Colin Kuster extricate himself from a transom which had been partially forced open when P. A. McCreery, one of the city fathers, discovered he didn't have the key to his office and wanted very much to get in. Colin got a leg through the transom and toe in the proper position to throw the catch on the inside of the upper or Dutch part of the door. Getting the leg in was easier than getting it out—thus the crowd.

We watched that for a while, until Colin saved himself, and then ambled around the corner. As we approached the Carmel Drug store, Gay Kuster, accompanied by daughter Marcia, drove up to the curb. They were wearing some kind of wide, straw summer hats—gay things. We asked about them and got a song, lovely, with Gay singing the contralto and Marcia the soprano.

Then we told Gay about the other member of her family around on Dolores street. She asked us if we had seen his wonderful bicycle. We had. Then we learned that he was riding it for the first time. It appears that it was Shim's and Shim had bought it out of his own money. It is a very special bicycle and had cost $55. Shim had it only a short time before he died. Then it was wrapped—well, "practically in cotton batting," Gay says. Colin was to have it when his feet would reach the pedals at their lowest point in revolution. Of course, Colin has been unwrapping the bicycle about every fortnight and trying his legs.

They reached the pedals Sunday morning!

Mrs. Vivian Christiersen and daughter, Alice, will wander up to Stockton for a few days of visiting during the Easter vacation week.

SPROUSE-REITZ INC.

have shown every desire to make of their Carmel store that which could be characterized as being suitable to the taste and wishes of the community. ■ It has been a pleasure to work in cooperation with them in such a spirit... ■ With continued wishes for success and a happy opening on March 28.

HUGH W. COMSTOCK, Builder

A. D. H. COMPANY Of Carmel

installed the

PLUMBING AND HEATING

System in

the New

SPROUSE-REITZ STORE

CARL S. ROHR, Electric

Did the

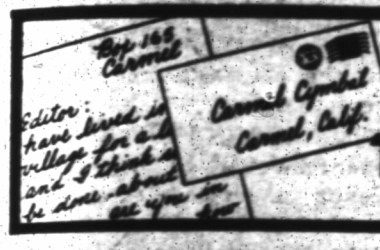
GENERAL ELECTRIC

WIRING SYSTEM

in

the New

SPROUSE-REITZ STORE



LETTERS TO THE PAPER

ABOUT LIBRARIES, PARK BENCHES AND GROCERIES

Editor, The Cymbal:

In these piping times of lost causes, many of which are too lightly lost, I am impressed that you are still battling away tenaciously for a later closing hour for the library.

Speaking as the author of a letter you printed in your column two weeks ago, in which I pointed out that the only alternative in Carmel, for many, to a library seat was one in a barroom (which you bluepencilled to read taprooms, a funny euphemism) I wish to apologize for a small error in that letter. I referred to the benches in the park as being of stone, adding they were definitely cold when you sat on them after sundown. However, in strolling by that place yesterday I suffered a conscientious reporter's pang to see that only the bench on the corner has a stone seat; the others have wooden planks, definitely easier to warm than stone.

Though that small misstatement does not invalidate the general content of the letter, I rush to call it to your attention in case some carping critic comes along to point it out, publicly. You can now forestall, and pounce on, this miserable individual as soon as he opens his mouth. I commission you to do it, thus: "Yeah, but no one sits n the damn park, anyway."

The writer is a library habitue from 'way back, as well as an inveterate reader of grocery-store advertising. Needless to say, I am now so conditioned that when I do not see a store's advertising in a newspaper I don't do any buying in that store, even if the manager is the nicest and unsnottiest guy in the world, mine, I feel sure, is not an uncommon case.

You ought to be able to find a few more bludgeons like this lying around.

John B. Garrett,
lately of the
China Press, Shanghai.

Dear Garrett: That "barroom" bluepencilling of mine was to help you, not to hurt your feelings. You see, when California framed its law to take advantage of the opportunities present in the constitutional amendment re-permitting liquor in America, it started out real moral and it said "There shall be no barrooms". It having said that why, there are no barrooms. That should be plain to anyone—well, to anyone except a Chinese. Funny, though, your name doesn't sound Chinese.

—Ed.

• • •

MAYBE THERE IS NOTHING SO DISENCHANTING AS ATTAINMENT

Editor, The Cymbal:

Remarks are heard around town, "The Civilian Defense is really going places", and "The Civilian Defense has amounted to something the last week or two."

It is noticeable that such remarks are generally made by those who have not taken any part in the work and do not know and have not taken the trouble to find out what has been done.

Civilian Defense is very much like building a house. Every one has seen houses being built. Many have had homes built and they will agree that there are three stages or phases to getting a house built.

First, there is the purchase of the lot with all the details and delays. Then the lot has to be surveyed, the plans drawn, specifications written, bids compared, the contract awarded, and after all this the foundation is built.

All this consumes time and to one in a hurry, it is very discouraging. There is nothing to show for the work done. So it has been with Civilian Defense. Few realize it is eight months since the Council started the work by adopting the ordinance recognizing that an emergency existed. Then the plans and specifications had to be redrawn and rewritten again and again due to the lack of information and conflicting data coming from many official bodies.

The second stage in the building of a home is the one that shows the most progress. The walls go up and the roof is constructed. This is the phase the Civilian Defense in all its ramifications is going through right now and the results are apparent but only on account of all the ground work done during the past months by many hard-working volunteers.

To one who has built a house, perhaps the third stage is the most discouraging. A lot of detail, some having to wait on others. Doors, windows, hardware, plumbing and lighting fixtures, plastering and painting, sanding the floors, the entrance steps, and numerous other items.

So it will be with Civilian Defense with the difference that the work will never be finished until the war is won. Workers will leave town or get careless. New workers will have to be trained. New residents will appear and have to be educated to take care of themselves in an emergency.

Improvements will be made. Defects remedied. Weak spots strengthened and there will always be work for all who want to do their part.

Mar. 23 Bernard Rowntree

A CYMBAL CLASSIFIED AD run three times will get ten times the results.

Better get Service that CONSERVES YOUR CAR!

Get Regular Service According to Factory Standards to Make Sure Your Car Lasts as Long as It Should

THESE days it isn't enough to get service from someone who "knows automobiles."

You need the help of someone who knows *your* automobile, its special needs and requirements and how the factory meant it to be cared for.

For example: Maybe your Buick should have a new oil filter element about now. There are six definite steps to be followed if this is replaced by standard equipment filters. *Five entirely different things must be watched if other equipment is used.*

Our service Conserves Your Car by *knowing* what to do and how to do it—and by doing it *in time.* Can you be sure of as much elsewhere?

COME IN FOR A FREE CHECK-UP by authorized factory-trained mechanics

Better not take chances. Attention by our authorized factory-trained mechanics costs no more than good work anywhere. Provided regularly, once a month or so, it helps prevent many troubles, and so saves annoyance, money, loss of efficiency and unnecessary wear.

We make no charge for a check-up on your car by authorized factory-trained mechanics. Drop in for one soon, and let us explain C-Y-C Service in detail.

HAD YOUR SPRING COOLING CHECK-UP?

Engine efficiency, and with it gas and oil mileage, calls for a cooling system that functions properly in all seasons and all parts. Just flushing the radiator is only part of the job.

Now is also the time to drain out worn winter oil, refill with the proper spring and summer oils, give the chassis a spring lubrication, change transmission and differential lubricants.

Better Buy Buick SERVICE

Buick C-Y-C CONSERVE YOUR CAR

Peninsula Automobile Company

Del Monte and Washington Streets Monterey, California

Official Civilian Defense News

Edited by
FREDERICK BECHDOLT
and HAL GARRETT

Control Center Is Established

Let that phone alone after the black out signal sounds. Look to your block warden for help, or better yet, help hourself if you are able.

Why? Here is one reason—

If or when trouble comes, lines will be overloaded with official calls to and from Control Center.

What is Control Center?

It's the nerve center of the whole works. In Carmel it is now established along lines laid down by War Department.

How does it work and what does it do?

When the siren shrieks blackout alarm, Mayor Keith Evans, Chief of Police Roy Fraties, Head Warden Malcolm Tarpey, Red Cross Chief Dr. Taubles, Fire Department and Street Department representatives, and men from Water, Telephone and P. G. & E. sit down in Control Center, with open line phones at hand, maps and other data before them. Trouble Shooter Floyd Adams, precinct and block wardens are in the field; Red Cross heads and First Aid Workers gather at already predetermined points. So do Firemen and auxiliary firemen. Auxiliary Police patrol the town.

If one of these finds a broken high tension line or a casualty, he phones Control Center. His call goes to the man in charge of the caller's unit—such as wardens or Red Cross. That man immediately hands Mayor Evans a slip setting out the proposed aid to be sent. Evans authorizes this slip to prevent duplication of efforts. Aid is notified by phone within half a minute of the call's reception.

If you importune Central for a number because a bomb dropped in your yard, you may gum the works. That's one reason why your block warden will visit you soon and instruct you how to help yourself. If you're physically incapacitaed, he'll have a neighbor keeping an eye on your place.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Main Purpose of Civilian Defense—so says the War Department—is to make you and me able to look out for ourselves without calling for help. That means education. Education means information.

Hence the Information Desk now established in Civilian Defense office, Phone 1924-W.

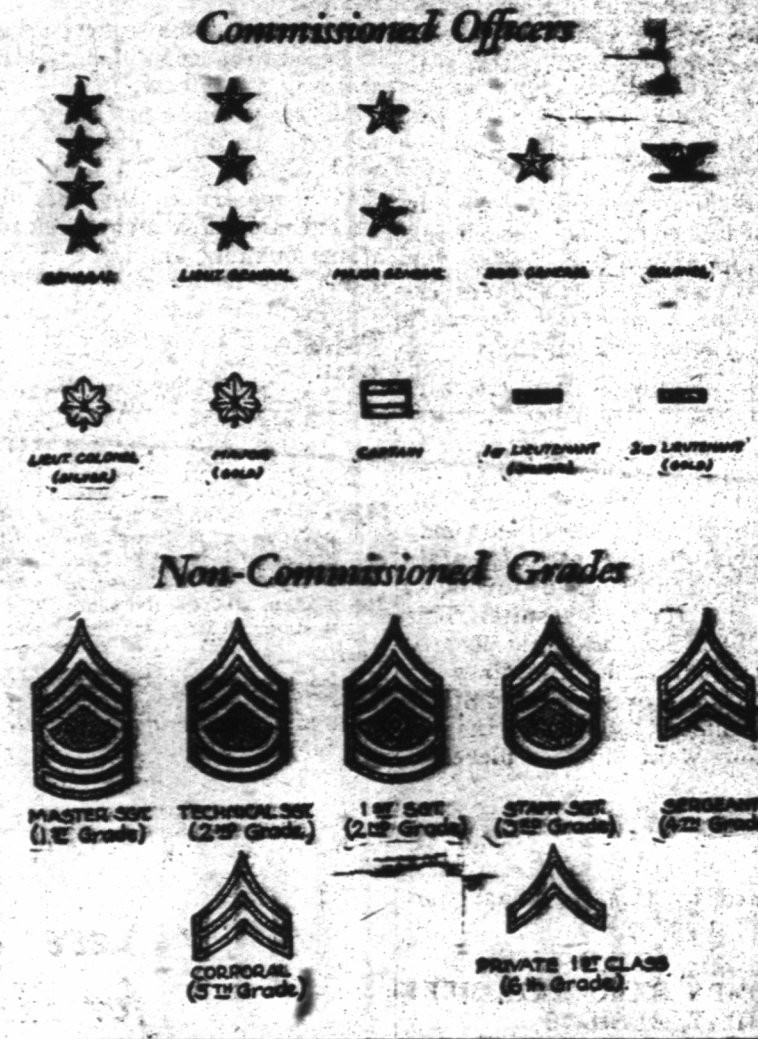
Eleanor Ellis, for 14 years connected with one of America's largest national advertising agencies, handles the desk. Her title is Manager of Public Relations.

All publicity matter goes through her hands and she files all information, for general public and organization workers. During the next week her department won't be hitting on all eight. There's a lot of filing and phoning and leg work to do first. Seven days from now it ought to be able to work smoothly.

Gas Tank Drained

Harrison Askew of Fresno, brother of Bill Askew, reported on Wednesday morning to the police that the gas tank of his car had been completely drained.

U.S. Army Insignia of Rank



GOOD FORUM TONIGHT

Robert Leidig, ex-chief of the Carmel Fire Department, and Fire Captain Paul Mercurio are back from the Civilian Defense School at Stanford University, reinforcing Officer Frank Hay, another alumnus, in teaching precinct and block wardens. Classes continue at Sunset School, four evenings every week.

By this time your block warden has probably visited you and retailed some of the instruction already given him. Later he will pay more calls and add to your information.

Leidig and Mercurio conduct a Public Forum in Sunset Auditorium, under auspices of Adult Education, this evening, Friday, Mar. 27. If you want to know more about incendiary bombs and other Jap devices, you'll get plenty along with a good motion picture, by attending.

PLEASE HELP US FUNCTION

If you happen to be one of the many Carmelites promoting some form of evening entertainment—anything from a dinner party to a symphony concert—you can help home defense during the next few weeks. Just phone 1924W. Ask for information desk. Tell them your prospective date and find whether it conflicts with Warden Classes—or forums for public education in Home Defense.

These classes may keep on for a month. By them and by no other means Precinct and Block Wardens are learning how to help you protect yourselves and your homes. This information they will pass along to you. Please don't epxect them as guest or audience members—until the intensive schooling is over.

GET YOUR SAND FOR BOMBS

M. J. Murphy Company cooperated very nicely with Civilian Defense last week and furnished sand for quenching incendiary bombs at a nominal price. City of Carmel trucks are laying sand piles, available and free to all householders, at two or three central points in every precinct, including outlying areas. Ask your block warden how to use it in case a thermite bomb drops in on you some evening. He has already gotten preliminary instructions, given out by U. S. Army officers from Edgewood Arsenal via Policeman Frank Hay, ex Fire Chief Bob Leidig and Fire Captain Paul Mercurio. You will be surprised to learn how simple and easy it is. Incidentally make it a point to look up your block warden in case he hasn't visited you. It may be handy to know him better.

Mrs. Paul Coleman is down from Los Altos to visit her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Reynolds. With her is little Norman.

Buy Bonds

You Will Get Your Chance, Too

Ever stop to think how much this page cost someone? And who pays for it?

Every month the figure amounts to quite a bit. The owners of the Cymbal are footing the bills for a linotype operator, composing room foreman, etc. They do it as a public service.

Others are kicking in for other purposes in Civilian Defense. Some give time and work. As, for instance, Block and Precinct Wardens. Auxiliary Police, Red Cross and Ground Observation Watchers — and there's a dreary job! We could list 400 citizens of this community who will have reason to be proud when Duration is ended. They'll feel comfortable because they did what they could.

Maybe you are one of those who can't serve for one reason or another. You ought to get the chance. It will be offered you pretty soon. A chance to contribute all you can possibly spare to keep the machinery rolling.

LEAVE NO UNATTENDED LIGHTS

Do you keep a beacon going to guide Jap planes?

Some persons in this community do. Eight of them were warned last week by auxiliary police who inspected the residence district between Ocean and Santa Lucia; San Carlos and Scenic Road for unattended lights.

On pro rata basis that would indicate about twenty Jap lamps blazing in Carmel and environs. Enforcement of the county wide ordinance specifying fine and or imprisonment for offenders began when Captain Paul Stoney and ten auxiliary cops combed down precincts one and two. In Carmel it will continue from now on. Very shortly warnings will be supplanted by citations. A citation means a talk with Police Judge Ross, who will probably be hard boiled.

Mrs. John Raggio, socially prominent San Franciscan, will be here at Lobos Lodge for a three-day stay starting April 2.

THE CYMBAL in a house dress, but the old heart and soul back again.

MAYOR EVANS FORMS ADVISORY COUNCIL

Without fuss or feathers, Mayor Keith Evans established an Advisory Council for Civilian Defense at a meeting in the City Hall last Thursday evening. This council will meet at the Mayor's from time to time and will discuss new phases of the program as these arise.

Besides the Mayor, the following were present: Dr. Taubles, Red Cross; Fred McIndoe, American Legion; Ed Ewig, Business Association; Alan Campbell and Mrs. Cedric Rowntree, Civilian Defense; Otto Bardarson, Public Schools and a Boy Scout representative.

Interesting side light in Thursday evening's meeting was furnished by Dr. Taubles in a description of Red Cross Coordination.

PUBLIC FORUM ON CIVILIAN DEFENSE

Beginning about April 20, the Adult Education Forums at Sunset School Auditorium will be given over for a month to Civilian Defense instruction by best procurable authorities. Talks will be punctuated by up to-date motion pictures illustrating various phases of the work as carried on under actual war time conditions in England. Dates and subject matter will be published soon.

CATERING
Gussie Mayer
Will Take Small Parties
Luncheon, Tea, Dinner
CARMEL 1939-J

PICTURE FRAMING
•
CARMEL FURNITURE HOUSE
•
Dolores St.
Phone 563-J

Featuring . . .
HOT CROSS BUNS
AND CHICKEN PIES
WITH DOLORES BAKERY QUALITY
DOLORES BAKERY
Dolores St. Tel. 650

Enjoy Comfort Out of Doors!
Now that SPRING is here,

You'll want to sit out in your garden of a warm and sunny day.
FOLDING CHAIRS
4 or 5 styles, for Patio and Lawn. (While the supply lasts).
CARMEL HARDWARE
Dolores Street Carmel 468

Martin Flavin Sees Beginning of Jew Persecution and Rise of Hitler During 1933 Visit to Germany

The house is on strike. That is to say the tenants are on strike against the landlords. For two months they have paid no rent. Their chief grievance is the water supply which contains a fine metallic sediment originating from decomposing iron pipes. They demand water free from iron filings, and, for good measure and arbitrational bargaining, a reduction of twenty five per cent in rental, and no evictions for those who cannot pay. But the main thing is the water.

The house, like most Berlin tenements, presents, from the exterior, a decently dignified, middle class appearance. The street frontage is perhaps two hundred feet and it is five stories high, a modest building, yet it contains two hundred and fifty families and a grand total of sixteen hundred human beings. There are pickets at the entrance but they let us in. They are eager to present and to explain their case. We pass through a tunnel into a long and narrow court which parallels the street and into which the sun must, if at all, strike very briefly. Red flags with Communist hammer and sickle are displayed from numerous windows, and strike slogans have been crudely lettered on the walls. There are four such courts one behind the other clear through the block, and the unimposing house turns out to be a huge affair not unlike an antiquated prison.

Jobless tenants edge up to our group, pause to listen, and fall in behind. They are decent looking men, very serious and earnest. We go into the house and climb five flights of stairs. The place has a thick, damp smell; the wooden steps are worn thin with age; and chunks of dirt grimed plaster are hanging from the walls. This house is very old and, one might add, decrepit. We pass along a dark and narrow hall with doors as thick as gaol cells, and stop at last, and knock. A woman lets us in. She is shapeless, old before her time, and putty colored, and friendly and very earnest. This is the kitchen. It is six by nine. There is a small tile stove, a tin sink with one faucet, a table with repulsive looking fish heads soaking in a pan, one narrow window which looks out into the court, and on the wall, sole article of luxury, a little hanging cabinet with dishes, rather pretty ones. The plaster is broken and discolored and there are holes in it against the floor which look as though they might be used by rats. But it is clean, this room, and neat and orderly. There is another room which might be nine by twelve. It contains two very narrow single beds and two iron cribs. In each crib is a putty colored child. There are two older children and two adults in the family. Six human beings live here. At night each adult takes a small child in its bed and the older children occupy the cribs which they have long since outgrown. The young ones in the cribs stare at us vacantly with listless eyes in putty colored faces. One feels that they have always been in bed. There is really no where else for them to go. There is no bath or shower, nor is there one in this entire village of sixteen hundred souls. There are water closets in the outer halls, stenchy and dark with the sealed up plumbing of the previous century; one, on an average to six families, that is, to thirty people. Half the wage earners in the house are out of work. The rent for an apartment like this one is forty marks a month ($10.)

We go out and down, across a court, and up more flights of stairs. A putty colored man of middle age opens the door with a hospital gesture. He is a Roumanian and a bachelor, out of work and, in this economic order, not likely to have work again. He has an intelligent and gentle, kindly face. He is also the custodian of the evidence. The room is six by nine and almost dark though it is mid-day and the sun is shining. It is immaculately clean and neat and orderly. A shining brass oil lamp hangs on the wall, and there are little knick knacks here and there, relics, one feels, of a remote and not unpleasant past. A shelf above the stove contains the evidence, bottles and jars and tumblers filled with water from the taps. We look at them and shake them and hold them to the light, and the water swarms with something that settles quickly with metallic heaviness. It is pretty deadly, poisonous looking stuff. A dozen voices are explaining: samples are taken every day; it is worst in early morning; the city health department may examine it but hasn't yet; but anyway what could it be but rust; no, they don't know if illness can be traced to it—people get sick and die—who can tell; but is it fit to drink?—that is the question. It is obviously not fit, and so is every other thing that I have seen here.

I ask them if they think that they will win their strike. They smile and nod. One answers quizzically: the landlord is a Jew and Hitler is in power now. There are nudges and chuckles in the group. They do not think that the authorities will interfere with them.

Berlin, Feb. 1933.

—MARTIN FLAVIN

USO ENTERTAINS GROUP OF ARMY AIRMEN

The Carmel USO entertained another group of Army airmen from Salinas by taking them again to Point Lobos for a picnic. At this favorite spot of the soldiers on Saturday afternoon, a group of Carmel girls saw to it that the flying guests were fed, and had a good time. The whole affair was under the direction of Skipper Ackroyd, Betty Rae Sutton and Helen Haines.

How Little It Costs To Care for a Leper

Only $40 a year will meet the expense of food, clothing and medical care for an adult patient in a hospital in Korea maintained by the American Mission to Lepers, said Dr. George C. Southwell speaking to the Carmel Missionary Society last week at the Church of the Wayfarer. Even with that low rate there are very many lepers in Oriental countries uncared for, living in caves or under culverts or make-shift shelters, eking out a miserable existence by begging and stealing.

Dr. Southwell and his wife told about the leper hospital maintained at Carville, La., to which are sent persons who contract the disease in the United States, and exhibited a map showing that almost every state in the country had furnished patients for that hospital. This establishment and that located in Culion in the Philippines are maintained by the United States government, and only the religious work in these places is financed by the American Mission to Lepers. However, throughout the Orient and Africa are many hospitals maintained by this missionary organization.

WOMEN DEMOCRATS MEET FRIDAY, APRIL 10

The April meeting of the Monterey Peninsula Women's Democratic Club will not take place this Friday, April 3, because of Good Friday, but has been postponed until Friday, April 10. The meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. H. W. Stuart, Thirteenth and Dolores streets, Carmel, at 2 o'clock.

CARMEL THEATRE

Tonight and Tomorrow
NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK
W. C. Fields - Gloria Jean
— ALSO —
WOLF MAN
Lon Chaney - Claude Rains
Matinee Tomorrow 2:00

Three Days Starting Sunday
March 29 - 31
NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH
Bob Hope - Paulette Goddard
Edward Arnold
Sunday Continuous from 2:00

Wednesday and Thursday
April 1 - 2
THE LADY IS WILLING
Marlene Dietrich
Fred McMurray
— ALSO —
THE BODY DISAPPEARS
Jeffrey Lynn - Jane Wyman
Edward Everett Horton

DENNY-WATROUS MANAGEMENT Presents
THE TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST in
"Deserted at the Altar"
with OLIO
FIRST THEATRE, MONTEREY
Saturday, Sunday, March 28, 29 at 8:30
Tickets 55c, $1.10 at Staniford's Drug Store

CARMEL USO HAS SADIE HAWKINS DANCE

The Carmel USO on Saturday night had a Sadie Hawkins dance that would have pleased the most particular of the citizenry at Dogpatch and Skunk Hollow.

There was a sharp little band to supply the music, hysterical costumes, and roomsful of people. The walls were decorated with paper with a few illustrations just to stir the blood of the embryo artists who were later encouraged to add their creations to those already in blossom.

Tides

March

	LOW		HIGH	
27—	1:30am	2.3ft	7:25am	4.0ft
	2:11pm	0.3ft	9:07pm	4.0ft
28—	2:19am	2.0ft	8:20am	4.2ft
	2:51pm	0.2ft	9:40pm	4.1ft
29—	3:01am	1.6ft	9:09am	4.3ft
	3:27pm	0.1ft	10:11pm	4.3ft
30—	3:42am	1.2ft	9:55am	4.5ft
	4:03pm	0.1ft	10:40pm	4.5ft
31—	4:25am	0.7ft	10:42am	4.6ft
	4:40pm	0.3ft	11:10pm	4.8ft
April				
1—	5:07am	0.4ft	11:31am	4.5ft
	5:17pm	0.4ft	11:42pm	4.9ft
2—	5:51am	0.0ft	12:21pm	4.4ft
	5:56pm	0.8ft		

Call 1-100 for THE CYMBAL.

Read CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS There are surprises in them often.

Choice Cuts of Meat from Quality Steer Beef
ROASTS
POT ROASTS
at
VINING'S
MEAT MARKET
Dolores Street
Telephone 200

CUT KITCHEN COSTS
Save Vitamins for Health

COOK WITH A MODERN GAS RANGE!

FOOD

Saving food money is important to every housewife. One way to save this money is to get the greatest food value out of the food when it is cooked.

You hear much about vitamins and health protective elements in food and how these health essentials can be retained in food by proper cooking.

With a modern gas range, by means of accurate heat regulation, the waterless cooking of vegetables and low temperature roasting of meats are most efficiently accomplished.

Be prepared for war time cooking economy in your kitchen. You can still find a choice of models available. If your home needs a modern gas range, better not wait.

BUY FOR VICTORY

SEE YOUR DEALER OR THIS COMPANY

P·G and E
PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

215W—943

WORDS AND REWARDS

In recent weeks, Cleopatra's line from Shakespeare's play has been running in my mind:

'There is nothing left
remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.'

Our sense of security, of permanency, has had one shock, and another, and yet another. Vital strongholds, believed impregnable have fallen. Much that has been called evidence of advanced civilization seems to be crumbling. We have known hours of apprehension; but they are succeeded always by days of confidence in the stamina of our people, in their will to rise and resist and overcome.

Strangely enough, with increase of conflict abroad, our own village has acquired an atmosphere of greater serenity. The whirr and glare of traffic reduced, it is like remembered yesterdays.

The mortal confusion in vast regions of the planet makes this stillness of our days and

'The soft silence of the listening night'

infinitely more precious. In the quietness and darkness imposed by sad necessity, walking takes on a new delight. Strolling in a forest lane I stand for long minutes observing patterns of light and shade cast by a westering sun. The hush is profound. It is a sort of waiting stillness, as though the earth were holding its breath.

The eternal wonder is all about us. The whole village is in a golden glow. The botanists, I believe, call it genista. But I think it is reflection from the Mercy Seat.

Surely the sunlight was never so clear before, nor the sky so blue; and there never were so many new candle-tips on the pine trees. The beauty of the natural world fills the scene. The stage itself seems enlarged. With that 'visionary power' of Wordsworth we experience a new unity with the universe, an intense awareness,

'. . . a sense sublime
Of something far more
deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light
of setting suns,
And the round ocean and
the living air,
And the blue sky, and in
the mind of man.'

In my exaltation I am reminded continually of things said by mighty poets of the past in their moments of exaltation,

'That large utterance of the
early gods.'

And suddenly I rejoice in our great heritage, the English language, a permanent and endless delight in this most unpermanent world.

Walking under the night sky, the stars above me gleam with a remarkable refulgence. I have never seen them so radiant. Is it their transcendent hour, after

'The long glories of the
winter moon'?

I wonder if they were glowing like this when Hamlet looked up from the open stage of the Globe Theatre and said to the players:

'Look you . . . this brave
o'erhanging firmament,
This majestical roof fretted
with golden fire . . .'

Perhaps Kit Marlowe, on his way from the theatre to the Mermaid Tavern, saw them shining so and found the words he gave to Faustus to proclaim the surpassing loveliness of Helen:

'Oh, thou are fairer than
the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a
thousand stars.'

And surely John Milton remembered such a night when he put his thought of the ultimate dominion of the spirit of many into words like these:

'Attired with stars we shall
forever sit,
Triumphing over Death,
and Chance, and thee
O Time.'

Darkness descended upon him. He was bereft of sight. But nothing could touch the splendor of his vision.

In the autumn and early winter there was a luminous evening star in our western sky, toward the south. Secure in space, resplendent in the gathering dusk, it lured our gaze with beneficent loveliness. Beheld in awe for many months, it remains in my mind's eye forever. I shall always have an evening star. No darkness can ever take it from me.

And no power nor circumstance can rob us of the glorious light of English poetry. We, the inarticulate poets, can stand besides Keats feeling, too,

'. . . like some watcher of
the skies
When a new planet swims
into his ken.'

In exquisite verse he expresses all the happy wonder that is ours in discovering new heights of poetry.

In the difficult days ahead, with restrictions on travel and motoring, we may find the time we have been wanting to read again the Odyssey, or the Oresteia of Aeschylus, or that part of Pepys' diary about the London fire of 1666; or perhaps Candide, or the essays of Montaign, or—But enough: I might go on endlessly and then want to come back and add Kristin Lavransdatter and The Compleat Angler and Penguin Island and—

In his delightful little book, "On Reading Shakespeare," Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, with characteristic gayety, has this to say of the magical effect of language:

"Poetry was given to man, Goethe said, to make him satisfied with himself and with his lot. Certainly for me poetry, either in verse or prose, exquisitely performs this function. I may be old and cross and ill; a wasted life may lie behind me, and the grave yawn close in front. I may have lost my faith, my illusions, my teeth, my reputation and my umbrella. What does it matter? It doesn't matter in the least! Reading Lorenzo's words,

'Come, ho! and wake Diana
wih a hymn'

off I go into the enchanted forest, into the Age of Gold. Life ceases to be grief, sad, enigmatic; I am perfectly satisfied with it. What more is there indeed to ask for? I taste a joy beyond the reach of fate . . ."

And the late Virginia Woolf, also with a touch of humor, wrote this on the joys of reading:

"Who reads," she asks, "to bring about an end however desirable? Are there not some pursuits that we practice because they are good in themselves, and some pleasures that are final? And is not this among them? I have sometimes dreamt, at least, that when the Day of Judgment dawns and the great conquerors and lawyers and statesmen come to receive their rewards—their crowns, their laurels, their names carved indelibly upon imperishable marble—the Almighty will turn to Peter and say, not without a certain envy when he sees us coming with our books under our arms, 'Look, these need no reward. We have nothing to give them here. They have loved reading.' "

In very truth, the kingdom is within you.

—ELOISE CARWYLE

Nestor Paiva Stirs This Girl's Blood

This female reporter went to see Charles Boyer's film, "Hold Back the Dawn". As is customary at his pictures, her heart fluttered, but not (with apologies) for the fascinating Mr. Boyer. But Nestor Paiva plays a Mexican inn keeper in it.

In real life Nestor is the bumptious, blustering, adorable villain in Galt Bell's "Drunkard" at the Theater Mart in Los Angeles. He has streamlined the role and made of it the most lovable character in the melodrama. It we played "Mary" we would say, "Here take the last crust of bread which I have saved for my starving child."

Paiva (it's his real name) has played the villain for six years, following Henry Brandon, now in "Macbeth" with Evans and Judith Anderson. Nestor has been doing gangsters and Italian characters in the pictures for a number of years since, in fact, John Nesbitt ("Passing Parade") started picture work. They have been friends since U. C. days.

Edward Kuster brought Nestor Paiva to The Playhouse ten years ago for the lead in his world premiere of Martin Flavin's "Amaco". You will see him a lot in character parts from now on, but remember, we saw him first. —P. M.

Mrs. Ball Gives Tea

Mrs. David Ball gave a small tea Monday afternoon for the purpose of introducing to a few of her friends Mr. and Mrs. Otto Barnet who are house-guests of Mrs. Paul Flanders. Guests at the tea were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rayne, Mrs. Fitzgerald Jarvis, Mrs. Eda Hoult and Mrs. Flanders.

Carmel Has 30 in New "Whos Who"

Thirty residents of the Carmel area are listed and their biographies given in the new 1942-43 edition of "Who's Who in America," copies of which have just reached this city. This is a gain of six over the issue of 1937-38, and of the 24 listed in that issue, four have since died.

The preface of this year's volume explains that the entire volume, the 22nd biennial issuance, "has been entirely reset in a new type face, despite the fact that over 3,000,000 words are involved—four times the lenghth of the Bible". The new format increases the height to 10 inches and the width to 7½inches, and consequently decreases the book in thickness.

The Carmel area residents listed ore Frederick R. Bechdolt, author; Elsie L. Benedict, lecturer; Rev. James E. Crowther, Paul Dougherty, artist; Martin Flavin, playwright; Hal Garrott, author; Victor C. Heikes, statistician; Harvey D. Higley, army officer; Robinson Jeffers, poet; Joseph N. LeConte, mechanical engineer; Francis E. Lloyd, botanist; Daniel T. MacDougal, botanist; Anne H. Martin, writer; Paul K. Mays, artist; Josiah S. McKean, naval officer; Leo E. Owens, publisher; Miriam C. Potter, author; William E. Pulliam, treaty official, retired; Robert Welles Ritchie, journalist; Wilhelm Ritschel, painter; Denny W. Roper, electrical engineer; Herman W. Schull, army officer; Henrietta Shore, artist; William P. Silva, painter; Edward O. Sisson, college professor; Donald Ogden Stewart, author; Henry W. Stuart, university professor; Richmond K. Turner, naval officer; Cornelius B. Van Niel, and Thomas Taylor, judge, who died last month.

Leslie and Lynch Waiting

Ed Leslie and Maurice Lynch are both biding their time in Carmel impatiently waiting call from the Army Air Corps. They expect to leave for some training base, probably Santa Ana, not later than April 29

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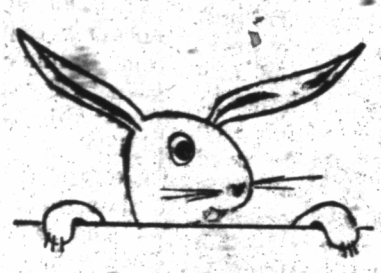

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Over the CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

OVR THE CRACKER

We hear that:

Dan Wilmot, who has been at the Monterey Hospital for a spell, sat up for the first time last Tuesday and the nurses all are sorry that he is getting well because they have such a lot of fun flirting with him. But the surest sign that he will be up and around is that he is getting pretty cranky and wants his pants instead of the fancy dressing gown they gave him.

• • •

There will be a meeting on Friday night of the Block Wardens at Stewart Fackenthals. Stewart is head air-raid warden and Ben Schulte is head block warden for the Robles del Rio Civilian Defense Committee. They have worked out a very fine program for taking care of situations as might arise in a blackout or an air raid such as lost children or sick folk and it gives for a nice feeling of comfort to know we will have a well-organized crew on hand if necessary.

• • •

Betty Church and her guitar lessons are coming along just fine. In fact it is rumored that her songs are even floating over the hills as far as Fort Ord or maybe the air base at Salinas, because of recent moonlight nights certain people claim that two calf-eye soldiers have been seen gazing up toward the top of Betty's hill and sighing. Or, maybe it is just Spring.

• • •

Fred Wolferman came out a while back and said he was going to stay for the winter but he left all of a sudden and we just found out that what called him away was a telegram from Washington, D. C. and Fred is now a part of the food administrating department since he knows the business of buying and keeping prices within reason. We're pretty proud that Fred is a part of our community.

• • •

Joe and Gert Algrava have gone back to Pebble Beach where Joe is taking over the horse situation for the Douglas Schools again. We miss them around the Barrel, but with them all success down there.

• • •

The Conger girls and "family" to which "Pappy", Tony's cocker spaniel, has been added, are back with us again and living up at the Lawrence place. We now know who owns the three picturesque goats that are found browsing up Hitchcock canyon.

• • •

Doc Ruehl and Mott Hitchcock have a defense garden but to date nothing has come up but radishes. Doc says that fighting the birds is almost as tough a job as fighting Japs.

• • •

Come the first of April Bill Wood is opening the lodge for the season and we wonder if that day is such a good one. But he has sent out so many announcements through our local post office that Postmaster Erwin Henry, Esquire, got himself a fine new blister on his right hand from punching the stamp machine on them.

• • •

Tilly Polak, who has bought the Mark Wilmot place, has done a beautiful job of gardening up there, and Tilly says it is a real treat to be able to enjoy the valley's bucolic charm and not have to battle the summer tourist customers. She's really enjoying life up here.

• • •

The only flaw in our peaceful existence has shown up since we have become the haven for evacuees. We can't blame the recent newcomers for all the petty thievery that is going on, but Gracie Lang would like to know who siphoned the gas out of her truck the other night and Tibbs Fry would like to find out who noisily stole the chair out of her kitchen at dawn last Friday, and ye C. B. ed would welcome information concerning the inconsiderate person who took the striped awning sun tent from her diggings last week. Maybe it was "furriners" or maybe it is someone taking advantage of the fact that there are strangers in our midst.

• • •

Mort says: The grass is always greener in your next door neighbor's yard but don't let him catch you browsing in his pasture if you don't want to get mowed down.

ELSBETH FRELLSON

THE TOWNSEND STATION WAGON'S NAME MEANS—

You have seen Mrs. Frank Townsend driving around town in the Townsends' swell-looking station wagon. You've probably spelled out the name on the doors of it. Have you figured the letters out in "Frarucharu"? We weren't smart enough to do it before we broke down and asked Mrs. Townsend what they meant. Here it is: The "Fra" is for Frank, the "ru" of Ruth, Mrs. Townsend's name; the "cha" for Charlotte, the oldest daughter, and the final "ru" for Ruth, the youngest, who has been so long known in Carmel as Honey Townsend.

USO WANTS A GUITAR AND AN ATLAS

The Carmel USO puts in requests for some of the wierdest things. This week it wants a Hawaiian guitar for a Hawaiian sailor boy. It also wants an atlas; the kind with maps, not the kind with muscles. And sheet music, lots of sheet music. What, for heavens sakes, goes on down at the USO?

Mrs. Ralph Skene Heads Bundles For Britain

The Bundles for Britain held a meeting Monday in Hotel La Ribera to fill the chairman vacancy caused by the resignation of Mrs. Burleigh Hall Murray, and to elect other officers.

Elected to take the job of chairman upon her shoulders is Mrs. Ralph Skene. Other officers are Mrs. H. S. Nye, vice-chairman; Mrs. C. H. Rayne, secretary; Mrs. W. E. Pulliam, assistant secretary; Mrs. Thomas H. Douglass, treasurer; Mrs. Saxton Pope assistant treasurer; Mrs. F. W. Ten Winkel, publicity chairman.

Bundles for Bluejackets (for American sailors) also held their election at the same time. Mrs. E. B. Grigg is the new chairman; Mrs. A. A. Arehart, vice-chairman; Mrs. J. W. Murphy, secretary; Mrs. W. E. Pullam, vice-secretary; Mrs. Fraser Hancock, treasurer, and Mrs. F. W. Ten Winkel, publicity chairman.

Bundles for Britain will still be in its Dolores Street "thrift shop", as will Bundles for Bluejackets, which will continue with its teas and bridge parties to obtain money for yarn to make wearing apparel for American sailors.

Bundles for Britain expressed its sorrow in accepting the resignation of Mrs. Murray and extended warm thanks for all she had done for the organization. It expressed appreciation of her untiring and contiual effort on behalf of the cause.

MICKEY DE PACKH DIES IN TUCSON, ARIZ

Word has just been received from Tucson, that Mickey, the friendly, lovable Irish terrier belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Gustav dePackh, is dead. Nearly eight years old, she died in Mrs. de Packh's arms, stricken by a brain hemorrhage.

Mickey was most often seen by Carmel in her favorite position—at the feet of her master in his small wood-carving shop in the Seven Arts building. There she would lie for hours, sharing Mrs. dePackh's good nature and Mr. dePackh's broad-minded views of the world as it paraded by the shop window.

Part of Carmel may have forgotten Mickey, but Mickey, Mrs. dePackh writes, never fergot any of Carmel.

USO BUILDING UP A BIG RECORD LIBRARY

The boys who use the Carmel USO really take their foster home to heart. When they found that for some strange reason they couldn't carry their concert radio-phonos around in their knapsacks, they sent the instruments home, and brought the records down to the Carmel USO. Consequently, the record library in the service house on Dolores street.

Red Cross Now Owns Burnham Building

Carmel Chapter of the American Red Cross, and all its integral departments, expect to be housed in a building completely their own by May 1 of this year.

Negotiations are now being completed for the purchase of the Edward Burnham building on Dolores street, near Eighth, next to where The Cymbal had its plant a year ago.

The money to buy the property was raised by a group of citizens working independently of the organization. The final transaction was made by members of the building committee, headed by Miss P. Leslie King, executive secretary of the chapter, and Edward Burnham, owner of the building.

Improvements and alterations will have to be made, but Dr. G. H. Taubles, chairman of the Carmel chapter, expects to have all departments housed in their new home and in working order by May 1.

WE HAVE A VILLAGE BLACKSMITH AGAIN

This one is entitled, "The Return of the Village Blacksmith". First there was John Catlin, who retired and turned his anvil over to Francis Whitaker. Francis regretfully deserted the Forge in the Forest for defense work in the Oakland shipyards. But there is a fire near the anvil again. Walt Wolcott, recently of the Moore ranch, has been working away there for a week now. He can do wrought iron work but in these times he prefers to work on farm implements.

Bechdolt's New Western Will Run in Newspapers

Frederick R. Bechdolt has just supplied the great newspaper syndicate readers with a new serial, a modern western, which was bought by the New York Daily News and Chicago Tribune syndicate, one of the two largest handling fiction for newspapers. Bechdolt doesn't know what they will call his new baby, and he doesn't much care.

FORT ORD MEN GET MORE THAN THEY EXPECTED AT MARK HOPKINS

Four executives from the Main Post Exchange at Ft. Ord were the objects of the practical joke of the week. They arrived at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco to stay while on a buying trip, to find that three suites of two rooms each had been reserved for Jim Ferth, John Rodgers and Henry Peterson, and a room with bath for "the chauffeur", Mr. Pelton. Their reception in the city hostelry was somewhat confusing and the two local boys who sent the telegram are on a sharp look-out for retribution. Carl Moll and Ted Jerstad aren't taking and C. O. D. packages this week.

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Carlos Drake Studying

Carlos Drake has dropped the pen and taken up the sword of industry. He intends to get a hand in this national defense one way or another. Right now, he's storing up knowledge and skill in the Monterey Union High School shop where he and Walter Cook are taking the precision tool-making course. As time goes on their work will vary.

• • •

Maxine Jackson Visits

Maxine Jackson, who is always a part of Carmel, was here over night Wednesday from her present home in Fresno. With her was her son, Michael, who has grown very tall. We saw them at Steve's having breakfast and talking to the natives on Thursday.

• • •

Of the Greene Children

We called Mrs. Charles Sumner Geene for news of her brilliant children and another world opened up to us. The world in which the Greenes live with the real wealth for exchange. Anne, who married Theodore Roberts last summer, is living in New York where she listens to much fine music, keeps house and substitutes Central Park for the Greene garden. She has given up temporarily the piano work in consideration of another Roberts, who will arrive in June or July.

Mrs. Michel Penha (Lala Greene), (germologist, writes of the marvelous beauty of the Brazilian jungle and will bring home colored films to use with her lectures, the first of which will be given in the Greene studio as soon as she is home. The plan was to return by boat in March but the war may change that to return by air. At any rate she is hobnobbing with the natives of Brazil, who collect in groups to stare at her and who are unbelievably kind to her.

• • •

Rubber Man Rests

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gates are at La Playa Hotel from Denver and are joined each week-end by their two sons who are at Stanford. Mr. Gates has the Gates Rubber Company in Denver, which may suggest why he is on vacation.

Stanford President Here

The president of Stanford, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, and Mrs. Wilbur are having a spring outing at Highlands Inn where they often go for a few day's rest.

• • •

Valentine Porter Miller Here

Mrs. Alastair Miller has been here for a week's visit with her mother, Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter at her Big Sur home, High Pastures. This was a well-earned vacation from her young son, Michael, who stayed at home in Gaviota.

• • •

A Jimmy Hopper Story

A short short by James Hopper will appear in an early date in "This Week", the syndicate fiction section. He has titled it "Peep Not", but, you know, they often change the name before publication.

Head of Smith College Coming

Mrs. Dwight Morrow, president of Smith College, wife of the late distinguished financier and ambassador to Mexico, will be here April 1 to visit her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Jr., who are living on the Eugene Marble ranch in the Carmel Valley. Of course you know that Mrs. Morrow is the mother-in-law of Charles Lindbergh.

• • •

Forest Lodge for Defense

Forest Lodge is being taken over by its owner, Mrs. Edith Shuffleton, for some sort of defense work. You may remember that the Lodge was originally a hospital, the Carmel Hospital, but for the past four years it has been one of the most comfortable and hospitable of the local hostelries. Mrs. Jessie Fisher, who is in charge, hopes to remain in Carmel.

• • •

Baby Girl Arrives

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Garneau (Charlotte Roller), who live at Second and Lobos, are the (we imagine) proud parents of a baby girl born at the Peninsula Community Hospital Wednesday at 3:38 a. m. They must have expected a boy because they didn't have a girl's name ready.

* * *

Recovering from Soup

Spike Graham, the photographer to end all photographers, is recovering from a bout with a bad cold. He doesn't mind the drizzling sniffles or the hacking cough, but the soup his "friends" have been pouring down him is too much even for a man with nerves of steel. He intends to be up soon, very soon.

* * *

Jeanette McDonald Here

Jeanette McDonald of the sweet voice and face to match, was one of the many to examine the finer points of the Peninsula over the week-end.

* * *

Even too Much for Them

Katie "Yoo Hoo Mr. Funk" Martin, along with Roberta Smith and Helen Stoshitch, held open house for four USO soldiers named—(prepare for a shock) — Junior, Eaglebeak, Hank, and Bill. When it was over the boys were glad to retreat to the peace and quiet of their barracks.

* * *

New Daughter for Forces

A third daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Force, Jr, of Pebble Beach at Palo Alto hospital Tuesday night.

AHA, MR. SEXTON, YOU DIDN'T GET MARGARET

Our Margaret, she with the jet black eyes and hair that matches it, had a silly idea last week that she would quit the Carmel Dairy and go over to Seventh and Dolores street and make her way in the world by repeating "Number, plase" into a transmitter hung around her neck. She's changed her mind, or, rather, she has had it changed for her by about three dozen steady customers of the Dairy. For three days Margaret was bombarded by threats of of all kinds from plain mayhem to murder. She finally gave in, and is spurning the telephone company. She is hereby warned that when she again gets such an absurd idea there will be more and deadlier ammunition tossed in her direction. What, we ask, would Earl Graft do without Margaret?

Mrs. Louise Kreiss of Burlingame has been spending the week with Mrs. Vivien Christiersen at the latter's home on Junipero street. Mr. Kreiss will be down tomorrow, Saturday, and will return with Mrs. Kreiss to Burlingame on Sunday.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wehrhane are back at Del Monte Lodge after a visit to Arizona. They plan to remain on the Peninsula for about three weeks.

• • •

Douglas Thompson who used to work in the Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank was back in Carmel Sunday. It was his first liberty since he joined the Navy about three months ago.

• • •

Dr. Russell Williams has run out of first-aid pupils in The Highlands. He had a class of 30 beginners, then ten took the advanced work.

• • •

Mrs. James L Cockburn is here for a few days from Ross and is visiting, among others, Ada and Barbara Winslow.

• • •

Irene Wilson spent the week-end in San Luis Obispo. She wasn't there for the scenery or climate. No more need be said.

• • •

John Garfield, Jr., and his brother, Douglas, arrived here from Cleveland, Ohio, to join their mother and sister, Mrs. John Garfield and Frances, last Saturday and have spent two-thirds of the time since playing ping-pong at La Playa where they are staying.

• • •

James and Mary Garfield have taken Dr. Florence Levick's "Hum" cottage where they will live while Corporal Garfield is at Fort Ord.

• • •

In town for Easter vacation is John Wise. John used to go to school here, and likes to return to his old stamping grounds once in a while, and visit some of his old friends.

• • •

Bob Wayssie, Carter Schriber and Peter Matki were at Lobos Lodge from San Francisco this week.

• • •

Wendy Downey of Sacramento is to be the house-guest of Martha Millis over the week-end.

• • •

Mrs. Freddie Martin and Freddie, Jr., wife of the orchestra leader, who is at present packing them in at Waldorf Astoria in New York, are stopping at La Playa. With them is Miss Marjorie Helms.

Army Daughters Having Benefit Bridge Tea

The Fort Ord chapter of the Army Daughters is having a Benefit Bridge Tea on Tuesday, April 7, from 1:30 p. m. to 5 p. m., at the Presido Officers' Club.

All army and civilian ladies are invited. Come at 1:30 p. m. for bridge or mah jong. Mah jong players, please bring your own sets. Tea will be served at 4 o'clock.

Everyone present will have a chance to win the interesting door prize to be given to the holder of the lucky number.

Tickets are fifty cents. Buy your tickets from any Army Daughter or at the door. Reservations for bridge and mah jong must be made in atvance by calling Miss Stilwell at Carmel 1453.

Mrs. T. M. Criley went to San Francisco this week to visit her son, Richard, and new daughter-in-law, Florence, and returned with all sorts of treasures including Easter candy and bunnies for her grandchildren, Bee, Carlo and Johnnie, Dr. and Mrs Russell Williams' children.

• • •

A group of Stanford students are at Lobos Lodge this week. They are Adele Wandenberger, Glen Mary Smith, and Carol Stever.

* * *

Mrs. W. R. Woodward of Baltimore has been here for a week at Lobos Lodge.

WE ARE ABOUT TO LOSE ANOTHER CARMEL INSTITUTION

Bill Gaines is departing us! That's another Carmel institution toppled.

Bill is our chimney sweep! He's taking his wife and baby to a place of five acres he recently acquired near Placerville. Bill came here in 1928 and has lived here ever since. He wasn't always a chimney fixer. He built those roads up in Hatton Fields and those in the Laurelles Tract up the valley, too.

It's his chimney sweep plug hat that's been a sight in Carmel. We'll miss it—and him.

A BUNCH OF OUR BOYS MAKING AIRPLANES

A bunch of the boys from Carmel are down helping to make airplanes. Nancy Cocke Kohler was in town from her home in Culver City visiting her parents, Col. and Mrs. John Cocke, this week and rattled off a list of them. There's her husband, Leo, and Eddie Files, Bill Staniford, Walter Snook and Anne Hopps (nurse) at the Douglas Aircraft Corporation and Dick Collins at Lockheed. There are more, but Nancy couldn't think of them offhand.

SONIA NOSKOWIAK WINS MILITARY POSTER PRIZE

Sonia Noskowiak, for many years a resident of Carmel and a camera artist of note throughout the West, was one of the three winners in a military poster contest conducted recently at San Francisco. Sonia's winning poster was a startling photograph of a feminine head, with a forefinger warningly perpendicular across the lips. With the other two winning posters Sonia's is on display this week at the San Francisco Museum of Art.

ED AND LIDA WARNER ARE FETED AT THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING CELEBRATION

Just about the whole Peninsula swarmed in on Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Warner at their Oak Grove home a week ago Wednesday on the occasion of their 50th wedding anniversary. There was open house both afternoo and evening and Mrs. Warner tells us that as late as Tuesday of this week they are still digging themselves out of flowers. The Warners lived a long time in Carmel when Ed was an employe of the park department. Among the Carmel people who attended the celebration were Mr. and Mrs. William Askew, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Torras, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Asew, Dr. and Mrs. John Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Don Staniford, Mr. and Mrs. Fred McIndoe, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Funchess, Adaline Guth, Mr. and Mrs. James McGrury, Alec Gibson, William Bishop. Mayor Keith Evans and Councilman Rowntree sent telegrams of congratulation and regret that they could not attend.

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Let's Go to Sade's Ater the Show
CARMEL Atmosphere

GARDEN GLEANINGS

By PLANTSMITH

The agricultural committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce started out a few weeks ago to look into the matter of agricultural labor for the coming crop harvest, and worked up a whale of a headache trying to figure out just how two-thirds of the usual number of farm workers are going to produce the 120 per-cent crop that Washington is pleading for. They found that approximately 7,000 are being drafted each month, or are going to the factories, and this number added to the evacuated Japanese vegetable growers really spells "desperate" in any language.

I'd better change tack right now. If I go too far WKB might put this piece in the editorial section by mistake. At any rate the above figures indicate that serious shortages might easily occur in many crops. Some of these shortages—especially in favorite vegetables—can, and should be, met individually.

The typical Carmel lot is too small to devote a given space to an all-vegetable garden. It will largely be a matter of sandwiching the grub crops between established shrubs or flowering plants. The matter of compatibility must be considered, too, for one would not plant a row of carrots back of tall cinerarias, or cabbages on the lee side of Tuberous Begonias.

There is one spot in the garden that is being generally overlooked—a spot that lends itself to vertical gardening and tub gardening, or even a combination of the two. This spot is the patio. Quite often one can find blank space along a sunny south wall that ideally lends itself to the culture of vine-type vegetables, such as tomatoes, pole lima beans, Kentucky wonder beans and squash. Another bean—Scarlet Runner—lends itself especially well to this situation and combines beauty and nutrition.

If the patio is covered with flag-stones it will be necessary to grow such plants in tubs, nail kegs, boxes or any receptocle large enough to supply each plant. Support, in the way of string or wire must be provided also, as well as the necessary tife and care if training the vines. All this effort will be repaid in full by any or all of the above plants for they will practically demand the extra warmth reflected from the sunny wall.

Another group of plants may be grown in tubs on the patio floor among the potted flowering plants. Many of the root crops, such as carrots, beets, onions and radishes as well as sweet corn, parsley, spinach, rhubarb and strawberries may be grown in this manner. They may require a little more care in watering and feeding than when planted in the open ground but will pay big dividends if given this extra care.

Perhaps I should have left rhubarb out of the above list. It was a good bet last year with plenty of sugar in sight, but not very promising this year. I raised six pies and twelve quarts of sauce from three nail-kegs of rhubarb last year, but the plants will have to go into suspended animation for the duration. I don't fancy reversing the recipe for rhubarb sauce by using a nickel's worth of sugar to a quarter's worth of rhubarb. It might even be worth while to attempt crossing rhubarb with sugar beets.

Just to show what persons can do when they have a goodly supply of vitamins, John Wood and Bill Christiersen have planned a long trip back into Pine Valley for this Easter vacation. Ah, youth! Full of muscles, but foolish.

One-One Hundred is now THE CYMBAL'S Telephone Number.

I say, old man

where might I find decent lodgings hereabouts?

Beautiful Highlands Inn
European Plan
Rates $3.50 to $6.00 per day
—Per Couple—
4 miles South of Carmel
on State Highway No. 1

Seventh and Lincoln
Telephone Carmel 800
La Ribera
"Home of Hospitality"
Rates from $3
European Plan

The Rider-Carmel
Apartment Hotel
Dolores at Fourth
Telephone 1758

THE CARMEL INN
a homelike atmosphere
Single - Double
Rooms - and Cottage
By day-week-month
(Soldiers $1.50)
San Carlos near 7th Tel. 691

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YOUR SAVINGS
with
Carmel Bldg. & Loan
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DR. T. GRANT PHILLIPS
Chiropractor
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Unwanted HAIR Permanently
Removed by Modern Method
of
MULTIPLE ELECTROLYSIS
Anthony Beauty Salon
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Village Book Shop
Old and New Books
For Rent and For Sale
Lincoln Street
Box 550 Tel. 1459
CARMEL

SUNSET CLEANERS
Cleaning - Pressing
Dyeing - Alterations
Hand Laundering
T. YAHANDA, PROP.
Seventh between Dolores
and San Carlos
Telephone 1607

DINING OUT TODAY?

Restaurants

COOKSLEY'S
Fountain & Restaurant
Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner
Dolores at Seventh

HOME COOKED MEALS 40c
Steaks, Chicken or Turkey Dinners
50c
BISHOP'S
6th and San Carlos, Carmel

NORMANDY INN
FEATURING THE BUFFET TABLE
Breakfasts, Lunches, Dinners
Ocean Avenue and Monte Verde

ASIA INN
American and Chinese Dishes
Dolores near Seventh

The Blue Bird
Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner
Ocean Avenue near Lincoln

STEVE'S CHOP HOUSE
Colorful . . . Delightful
Lincoln and Sixth

McDonald's Dairy
Dairy Products - Fountain Service
Breakfasts - Plate Lunches
Ocean between San Carlos and Mission — Phone 700

Restaurants with Tap Rooms

Sade's
Restaurant open 11 a. m. to 2 a. m.
Ocean near Monte Verde

WHITNEY'S
Continental Dining Room
Ocean Avenue

DE LOE TAP ROOM
Sandwiches Served
Ocean near Library

Classified Ads

RATES: 10 cents a line for one insertion (minimum 50 cents); 15 cents a line for two insertions; 20 cents a line, three insertions; 25 cents a line, four insertions. (Special rates for standing ads for six months or more.)

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

TO CLOSE AN ESTATE—Large, modern, 6 bedroom country home with central heading, Frigidaire, drapes and stove. On six acres of land between Carmel and Monterey overlooking the bay. Will sacrifice for $12,000. It cost $18,000 to build. Betty Jean Newell, Realtor. Ocean Ave and Dolores. Phone 303. (12)

EXCEPTIONAL
RENTAL VALUES
Furnished Cottages and Houses
MICHAEL ABBOTT
Licensed Real Estate Broker
Dolores near Ocean Tel. 1940

FOR RENT

SMALL GUEST COTTAGE near South Beach. Garden and Garage. Tel. 1217. (13)

CHARMING COMSTOCK COTTAGE—Three large rooms and bath. In Carmel Woods. Unfurnished at $40 per month. Tel. 515.

NEW UNFURNISHED one-bedroom apartment close in. Ready soon. Phone 1473 or write Box 842, Carmel. (13)

SUNNY 2-ROOM apartment, near center of town. Partly furnished, $27.50, including utilities. Phone 180. (tf)

RENTALS— ROOMS— REAL ESTATE—Call Mrs. Douglass, Tel. 707. (tf)

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

CAMEL VALLEY HOME. Two bedrooms, guest room off garage. One half acre, level, landscaped with flowers, grapes, berries and vegetable garden recently planted, barbecue pit. Robles del Rio. Will sell furnished or unfurnished or exchange for equal value in Carmel. Tel. 6-J-12 evenings or write Box 1604, Carmel.

FOR SALE

GENERAL ELECTRIC washing machine. Spinner type. $30. Phone Carmel 1174. (13)

CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT—Complete up to date shop. Well established business. Sunset Cleaners. Opposite Railmay Express, Carmel. (13)

IN CARMEL VALLEY—Furnished house. Electric stove, refrigerator and water heater. Screened summer house. Flat sunny lot. In good location. Reasonable price. Irene I. Baldwin, Licensed Real Estate Broker. Robles del Rio. Phone Carmel 13-J-12. (13)

USED FURNITURE in good condition. Also some lovely antiques. Come in the morning. "Pine Tree," Carmelo near 12th Ave. Tel. 1824 (12-15)

FENCE MATERIAL

SEE US FOR GARDEN-Fence material and split redwood pickets. CARMEL BUILDERS' SUPPLY. Tel. Carmel 603 (13tf)

IRON WORK

RE-OPENED—The Forge in the Forest. Blacksmithing and welding. Specializing in repair of farm machinery. One day service. Junipero and 6th, opposite city park, Carmel. Phone 180. (12-15)

WORK WANTED

FOR ODD JOBS of typing and stenographic work telephone 1623. (12-15)

HAND-BLOCKING of all knitted and crocheted woolen garments. Water-blocking exclusively. Tel. 1969-R mornings and evenings. (12-15)

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER—Marcia Haskell. Ph. 1630 or 830-J. (11-14)

EXPERT WORK—Floors cleaned and waxed—have my own electric polisher—also do painting—and repairing. O. Ricketson. Phone 924. Box 1272, Carmel. (tf)

HELP WANTED

WANTED WOMAN to do cooking and general housework. Tel. 782. (13)

SUPPLEMENT YOUR INCOME—Consumers in Carmel and Pacific Grove are temporarily without Rawleigh Service. Dealers in many Districts earning $10 to $15 daily. WHY NOT YOU? Full time or spare time you can earn big money. We teach you and supply all materials if responsible. Write Rawleigh's, P. O. Box 269, Oakland, Calif., Dept. CAC-455-SYI or see L. C. Hohr, RFD 1, Box 129D, Monterey (12-24)

LOST AND FOUND

HAVE YOU LOST a beautiful little dog—well, not so little, but a runt for the mixed breeds he apparently has? Mrs. M. J. Peterson has seen this dog, sort of a jumbled collie and shepherd, looking lost and lonesome about town. He has a collar, but no license tag. Let The Cymbal know if it's yours.

KEYS ON A KEY CHAIN—approximately 8 of them. Return to P. O. box 2057 or Telephone Carmel 672. (12)

LOST PET INFORMATION—If you find a lost dog or if you lose your own—telephone 216-W. Lemon's (Sporting Goods and Pet Supplies) will act as an exchange for information about lost animals. Sorry we can't keep a stray dog but we will try to find his owner while you look after him. We will also give information to the Cymbal which runs lost pet ads free.

TESTIMONIAL

Editor the Cymbal
Dear Sir:

I wish to applaud the efficiency of classified ads in your paper. Last week I ran the following one to which I had three results:

"I HAVE LOST a $10 bill in an envelope from my personal stationery. Kindly return to Matilda Baumgartner, Box 132, Carmel."

The first result was the arrival of $10 in a currency clip.

The second result was the arrival of two $5 bills rolled together.

The third result was the return of the envelope from my personal stationery—empty.

Thank you.
Matilda Baumgartner.

LEGAL NOTICES

In the Superior Court of the State of California In and For the County of Monterey

No. 7376
NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY JANE WILLIAMS, also known as MARY J. WILLIAMS, Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Mary Jane Williams, also known as Mary J. Williams, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court at Salinas, or to present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Executrix at the law office of Shelburn Robison and Eben Whittlesey, Tower Room, Las Tejas Building, Carmel-by-the-Sea, (same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate), in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice.

Dated this 23rd day of March, 1942.

MARY F. C. WILLIAMS.
Shelburn Robison and
Eben Whittlesey,
Attorneys for the Administratrix,
Date of 1st pub: March 27, 1942
Date of last pub: April 24, 1942.

WE WELCOME EVERYONE TO OUR

OPENING

SPROUSE - REITZ

IN CARMEL

SATURDAY, MARCH 28

9:00 A.M.

NEW SELF-SERVICE

5 - 10 - 15 - 25c - STORE

FEATURING EASTER MERCHANDISE